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Things in General.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S first message to Congress effectually disposes of any notion lingering in this country that the United States is willing either to make or listen to any fair proposition for reciprocity. With him and those for whom he speaks, "reciprocity is only the handmaiden of protection," and so we may as well settle down to the fact that we can at least have a reciprocity of tariffs, for that depends upon ourselves alone, and hereafter we should abandon all flirtations with the "handmaiden" and treat our neighbors exactly as they treat us.

ANARCHY is a crime against the whole human race, and all mankind should band against the anarchist. His crime should be made an offence against the law of nations, like piracy and that form of man-stealing as the slave trade, for it is a far blacker infamy than either. It should be so declared by treaties among all civilized powers." This is President Roosevelt's opinion as expressed in his message to Congress; but anarchism was not so regarded by the United States until the nation lost its chief magistrate at the hand of an anarchist. Until that time our neighbors thought it a proof of their liberality and wide human sympathy that they were willing to afford refuge and succor to the king-killers of Europe, the Fenians who raided Canada, the assassins of British officials in Ireland, and the moral scum of the earth generally. Apparently nothing but an object lesson, a blow in the vital part of their self-interest, can teach this insufferably self-satisfied government the existence of any other nation which has rights that should be respected.

He is in favor of the re-enactment of the Chinese Exclusion Act, and his statement to that effect comes with poor grace in the same message which advocates "the open door," with all that it implies; not merely the procurement of enlarged commercial opportunities on the coasts (of China), but access to the interior by the waterways. Only by bringing the people of China into peaceful and friendly community of trade with all the peoples of the earth can the work now auspiciously begun be carried to fruition." The reciprocity offered China by the exclusion of its people from the United States and the inclusion of its trade by the United States, is the sort of thing that Brother Jonathan would have Canada and the world believe is according to the Golden Rule.

In conclusion, he reverently thanks the Almighty "that we are at peace with the nations of mankind, and we firmly intend that our policy shall be such as to continue unbroken these international relations of mutual respect and goodwill." Like the Scotchman, he should also have thanked the Lord for "givin' us sic a guid conceit o' oursels."

THE contingent now got together in this country for South Africa is, after all, not to be called the "Canadian Yeomanry," that title having excited the hostile criticism and derision of so many of our newspapers. Lord Minto is of course blamed for even the suggestion of calling our troops yeomen, and the "Telegram" jeeringly remarks that he "might use his powerful and always anti-Canadian influence to force the still more feudal name on the blooming Canadians of Lord Minto's Own Regiment of Early English Squires." As I suggested a week or so ago, Lord Minto has acquired the unhappy reputation of being somewhat of an Imperial busybody, and is promptly blamed for every little snarl into which we get while corresponding with the Home authorities. Probably Lord Minto had nothing to do with the silly proposal of "Yeomanry" as a name for men who would probably prefer to wear the name of Rangers, Raiders, Blazers, Bushwhackers, Wild-Cats, Hellions, or any old thing not suggestive of mediaeval and fat-witted yokels.

COLONE SAM HUGHES indignantly repudiates having offered to take the command of a "mere regiment" of Canadians in South Africa, but intimates that he would have been "pleased to accept the command of a brigade," provided, however, that he should have "proper recognition regarding rank," and be guaranteed "an absolutely independent command, subject only to Lord Kitchener or similar superior soldier." In his letter to the press Colonel Sam speaks of himself as one of the swiftest soldiers that ever came along the pike, able to "bag the Boers" and help wind up the war with gory neatness and bloody despatch. Indeed, he refers to himself in such complimentary terms as would make even an ordinary swashbuckler blush to hear applied to himself by a pal. Colonel Sam has just blown in from the trackless prairie, where he was filled nigh to bursting with the atmosphere of the wild and illimitable West, and he might be pardoned for his wild whoop of self-praise were it his first offence, or if in endeavoring to exaggerate his own importance he had omitted to sneer at the whole British army. Having told us how much Canada, and the British Empire generally, have missed by not giving him a small army and making him second in command to Kitchener, he will best show his love for his native land and his fellow Canadians by corking himself up till his fellow-citizens get over the tired, sick feeling they get when they hear him brag.

REV. J. E. STARR does not blame the police for the increased gambling in the city, but thinks the interpreters of the law are not without blame. It is only recently that the Press and the Pulpit have begun to question the infallibility of the Bench, and perhaps a little criticism may not hurt the judges, though I am doubtful if it will do anything but unsettle the public mind. The interpretation of a law is a technical and ticklish thing, and if we are not to think that our judges, if they stretch the meaning of a statute at all, do so on behalf of the people and in the direction of the evident meaning of the law-makers, what are we to believe? Are they over-technical, and in the case under discussion did they pull apart the warp and the woof of the law against gambling so as to let the gamblers escape? Brother Starr is getting on rather thin ice, and when he suggests that the cutting of \$5,000 out of the police estimates so weakened the force as to make it inefficient, the skating gets more insecure than ever. According to the press reports he said, "Give the police more funds and they will soon put the gamblers on the run." What would the police do with the \$5,000 cut out of the estimates, even if they had the spending of it? Aren't there policemen enough? Or would Brother Starr spend the money to buy evidence or to pay informers, or to influence the interpreters of the law? It is probable that Brother Starr knows very little about gambling or gamblers, or the making or interpreting of law, or he would not so cheerfully and impractically point out the way which the police "so long have sought and mourned because they found it not."

A DESPATCH from New York tells of the mournful plaint made by Sculptor MacCarthy of Toronto, who had to pay thirty-five per cent. ad valorem on the plaster model of a statue he took to that city to have cast in bronze. This statue has been ordered by the people of Halifax to commemorate the loyalty of the volunteers who went from there to the war in South Africa, and symbolizes

the Canadian infantry in the attitude of signalling "the enemy in sight." The corner stone of the monument which the statue is to surmount was laid by the Duke of York, but Mr. MacCarthy explains that as "the best work had to be had" he took the job to New York instead of Great Britain, where no duty would have been charged on his model. Unless the sculptor has been incorrectly reported he and Halifax and Canada have been put in the position of preferring a patriotic work well done in a foreign and a comparatively unfriendly country, to an inferior job done in the workshops of the island of which we shoud be so proud. I do not believe that a bronze figure can be better cast in New York than in Great Britain, and it looks to me very much as if Mr. MacCarthy was using an opportunity which has presented itself to advertise himself, his model and the Yankee foundry at the expense of Canadian loyalty, good taste and good sense.

ANOTHER attempt is to be made for the release of Mrs. Maybrick, a Yankee woman in an English prison for poisoning her husband. A despatch from Cleveland, Ohio, says that a petition will be sent to the Mayors of Montreal and Toronto to be signed by Canadians and forwarded to the King, and that it is hoped that this appeal to the clemency of His Majesty will be successful because of the Canadian signatures. Canadians being just now very weighty owing to "the gallant work of Canadian soldiers in the Boer war." I would not be sorry to see Mrs. Maybrick liberated, for she has already been punished by many years of imprisonment, made additionally torturing by the false hopes of release raised by a dozen abortive attempts to have her pardoned. The proposal, however, that Canadians be used as the cat's-paw to pull the idol of Yankee sentimentalists out of jail, is a slur on our intelligence; and the

are called "trimmers" and "subservient party hacks" because they have suggested some means of escape from what is practically a disastrous situation. The one-eyed irreconcilables appear to have no principles and their only aim seems to be to get the Government into a bottomless hole, even at the risk of putting the province into the equally deep and uncomfortable predicament of being buried under a prohibition law which it will be impossible to enforce. Apparently they will be satisfied with nothing but the heads of G. W. Ross and his colleagues, and probably if they were candid they would admit that the political guillotine is too good for them and they should be tortured before death, and drawn and quartered afterwards. This craze for a political massacre is a poor thing to be behind those who openly clamor for a prohibition law, and even some of the prohibitionists themselves, dead as they appear to be to every impulse except the injecting of cold water into the community, are beginning to be suspicious of the company in which they find themselves for the moment, and of the fairness of their own tactics in trying to force one of their friends to the block that his and their enemies may have a chance to chop off his head.

No doubt the motive of the Premier, who has been a staunch prohibitionist all his life, in promising to support a sumptuary law, was partially personal, and yet it may be acknowledged that he was seeking the friendship and support of the prohibitionists politically without at the same time admitting him to be more crooked than other politicians who have been forced by the same element into similar predicaments. My suggestion last week that the referendum was the only decent escape for Mr. Ross from the false position in which he has been placed, or has placed himself, was based more on the desire to see Ontario escape from the fury of a politico-moral contest and prohibition, than to preserve Mr. Ross and his Government.

anything will be better than hasty or ill-considered action. The cost of a referendum is spoken of with alarm by those who insist upon a prompt measure. Have they reckoned the cost to the province of prohibition if passed? The expense of the referendum would be but a flea-bite compared with the millions of dollars which would be lost to the revenue if the liquor trade were changed from a legal business to an illicit traffic, and that is all that can be hoped for, while, according to the Privy Council, liquor can be manufactured in the province in spite of all provincial acts against its sale within the province. What are political revenges compared with the commercial revolution which is being invited? Surely sensible people will think more than once before joining either in the political or prohibition hue and cry which can bring us nothing but disturbance, disaster, and disrepute.

PROF. SHORTT, the political economist of Queen's University, is not only an original thinker, but a plausible speaker, and when he takes up any public question that has seemingly been dissected to the very marrow, he manages as a rule to say something new and to say it in such a way as to whip up our flagging interest. In his address at the Canadian Club luncheon on Britain's food supply, Prof. Shortt presented statistics that seemed to put a new face on the matter. He showed from what a variety of sources the Mother Country draws the breadstuffs that feed her industrial millions, and he argued that her food supply was in little, if any, danger of being shut off or even seriously diminished by any possible combination of hostile powers. He went further, and contended that Britain's safety from attack depends very largely on the fact that she is such a good customer of so many foreign peoples with surplus grain to sell. It was even more the concern of the selling than of the purchasing nation to protect cargoes in transit on the seas, and hence, argued Prof. Shortt, the food supplies of Great Britain were in reality convoyed and protected by the navies of the world, whereas if these supplies were drawn from the colonies the task would devolve solely on the British navy, and in time of war the British navy might be otherwise occupied.

Prof. Shortt's address will probably have the effect of modifying the notion that Great Britain is in imminent danger of being starved out, as extreme Imperialists have professed to fear. But the figures he quoted, if carefully examined, do not support the rest of his argument. The chief sources of Britain's food supply, according to Prof. Shortt's figures, are the United States and Argentina, Russia, Australia, and Canada send a considerable quantity, but not as much, all told, as either the American or the Argentine Republic. The amount contributed by Germany, France, Turkey, Roumania, Chili, and all other countries quoted by Prof. Shortt is a bagatelle. As everyone knows, France, Italy, Germany and Austria, in fact all the countries of Western and Southern Europe, are not to any extent exporters, but frequently importers, of grain. These states, therefore, would not be affected by a duty imposed by Great Britain on foodstuffs not grown under her flag. The only foreign countries that would be hit hard are Russia, the United States and Argentina. Russia could not be more hostile to British interests than she is now. Argentina is not worth taking into account as a power. As for the United States, any policy that strikes that country would certainly not be unpopular in Europe, where the lesson has been well learned that that nation never does and never will trade on fair terms unless forced to do so by inexorable self-interest. If United States grain were taxed by Great Britain, the latter would have something to "swap" in her dealings with the Republic. Her weakness at present in her commercial relations is that she has nothing to "swap." It is even conceivable that the "Americans," in order to secure exemption from duty on their food products entering British ports, would be anxious to get closer to Great Britain diplomatically and commercially, and thus Anglo-Saxon unity might become a reality much sooner than it otherwise would.

There are many other directions in which Prof. Shortt's conclusions do not bear examination. The question is an immense and involved one, and cannot be properly dealt with in a newspaper editorial. I have said enough probably to indicate that the political economist of Queen's University, like a great many specialists, has put forward a cock-sure opinion before looking at the subject from all points of view or carrying the argument as far as his own data would warrant.

MUCH is being published about the alleged marital infidelity of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and her husband, Prince Henry. The gossip whispered over the cable goes the length of asserting that the Prince Consort slapped his wife's face while she was not feeling well, and that this unconventional conduct, together with his sullen and sometimes abusive resentment because she would not pay his debts, came near throwing Her Majesty into a fit. At any rate, the baby was born dead, and the Queen is either an invalid or assuming the part of one. I remember thinking when reading about the pretty but headstrong young woman who selected Prince Henry as her consort, that he would have rather a hard row to hoe. His position in life was inferior to hers, she was immensely rich, he immensely poor, and though his pictures in the illustrated papers made him appear a big, fine-looking and soldierly fellow, there was a boyish and half-baked look about him which indicated weakness of character and selfishness. Her portraits and the many descriptions of her which were published, together with the anecdotes so plentifully told of her impulsive and overbearing nature, suggested that she was something of a shrew. A woman can henpeck her husband with the best intentions, but it is doubtful if the one who is henpecked finds it any easier to stand that sort of thing because his wife tells him it is for his own good. The Dutch people are intensely fond of their Queen, and, young as she is, Wilhelmina has already adopted a tone of motherliness towards them which, though pleasing at home, is ridiculous to the onlookers of other nations. For Prince Henry, who is a German, they have not, and never had, any use, and no doubt his misdemeanors have been exaggerated by the press and the people, and it is quite possible that the Queen has passively, if not actively, encouraged the worst possible view of her husband's conduct in order to justify herself.

After all, kings and queens and princes and princesses are only ordinary people with grand titles and unusual educations. The long line of ancestors of which they boast is supposed to give them exceptionally good breeding, if we take for granted that their progenitors were themselves well bred. Unfortunately, the long line of ancestry, if history is to be believed, almost invariably includes more vice than virtue, more intolerance than tenderness, more intrigue than candor, more tyranny than mercy. When two people, each bred in such a way as to exaggerate all their tendencies, try to live together, the very accentuation which the impulses of their great-grandparents have received by intermarriage with those of the same sort, makes violent disagreements almost unavoidable. The Dutch and the German characters are too near alike to hope for the striking of an average such as can frequently be found when two extremes meet, and we can easily understand the stubborn



"PLAYMATES."

The children and dogs were not posed for this picture. The plate is a snapshot taken by Mr. C. S. Tyrrell of Winnipeg, an accomplished amateur photographer.

suggestion that this country is willing to trade on its loyalty to the Crown in order to induce the authorities to do that which they have several times refused to do, puts us in the light of a lot of cheap Johnnies holding down our half-baked heads to be patted by hands that would sooner box our ears than give us the cheapest kind of a caress. Canada has not the slightest interest in Mrs. Maybrick, and we certainly did not send our soldiers to South Africa to get her out of jail. As our neighbors individually, not officially, have sympathized so much with the Boers, the Cleveland lawyer had better send his petition to Kruger and DeWet, and the Canadian mayors should chuck the petitions sent them into the stove.

THE Dominion Alliance is mustering its forces, and a delegation of prohibitionists is shortly to call on Premier Ross to demand a sumptuary law such as they feel they have been promised. The Conservative newspapers, while disclaiming any idea of forcing the Premier into such an awkward position that he will be forced to pass such a law at the next session, are at the same time using every possible endeavor to prove that he will be a coward and recreant if he does not do it. In this way the newspapers opposed to Premier Ross politically are practically the strongest allies of the prohibitionists, though with one exception they have expressed no opinion either for or against prohibition. The only opinion in fact, they have definitely decided as being "judicious" is that if he does not pass such a law next session, he will be a promise-keeping fool; while if he passes the law and submits it to a referendum he will be a sneak and a trumper, and if he arbitrarily passes it without submitting it to a referendum he will be a tyrant for doing that which he was not elected to do.

Apparently Mr. Ross's greatest sin in their eyes consists in having made a promise which in the opinion of a large section of the community he should not have made. What should be the proper punishment for making or breaking such a promise? We are told that Hugh John Macdonald has proved himself a noble and glorious man for having kept an anti-election promise, the keeping of which violated his principles. His father, in the eyes of the critics of the Ross Government, was also a noble and glorious statesman, but it is said that he broke promises with the same readiness that he made them, therefore a comparison between these two dissimilar characters affords us no indication as to the true belief of Mr. Ross's opponents with regard to promise-making and promise-breaking. The section of the press anxious to see the plans of the prohibitionists defeated

and prudent action regardless of political leanings, and even the large number of clergymen interviewed by the reporters of the "Evening News" (a Conservative paper) have shown a praiseworthy tendency to look the facts in the face instead of being carried away by the possibility of a technical success for so-called temperance. Almost everywhere amongst temperance workers has been seen the same desire to proceed slowly and not get in advance of public opinion. Statistics prove that Canada is per capita a much smaller consumer of intoxicants of every class than either the United Kingdom, France, Germany, or the United States, which shows that temperance education has done and is doing a great deal for this country. In the Ontario plebiscite of 1894, 192,489 expressed themselves in favor of prohibition, and 110,720 voted against it. In 1898, only 154,498 voted in favor of prohibition, while 115,284 voted against. This showed a considerable increase of anti-prohibitionists and a great decrease in the ardor of the prohibitionists. It was noticeable in both instances that only about half of the voters on the list expressed any opinion at all, the percentage of those who voted in 1894 being 55.21, and in 1898, 46.77. Evidently the silent half of the electors did not take sufficient interest either way to go out and record their vote. Even the most enthusiastic prohibitionist cannot have the face to claim that these tens of thousands of indifferent voters could be aroused to assist in enforcing prohibition if such a law were passed either directly by the Legislature or by a referendum which only demanded a majority of the votes polled.

In the face of the facts that we now have less need of a prohibition law than was felt a few years ago, the convictions for drunkenness having gone down in this province from 6,200 in 1887 to 3,370 in 1900, and that even the prohibitionists are lukewarm in their demands compared with their insistence in the past, the Conservatives who do not believe in prohibition are inconsistently hounding the Government into passing a law which no one believes could be enforced. It would appear that if we are to have prohibition it will be at the instance of the politicians who are itching for office and the prohibition extremists who feel that their virtue will be out of business unless they can provoke a furious and fanatical fight. If I believed that such a law could be enforced I would not for a moment oppose it. In such a position as we find ourselves, however, with none of those who are shouting loudest for prohibition believing in their hearts that it can be enforced, and with such divergent motives for their clan, is it strange that any thoughtful and reasonably conservative man should be disgusted with the whole situation? Surely



IT is now three years since the public first had an opportunity to judge the Pianola.

An instrument affording a new method of piano-playing, it was then announced, which did away entirely with the tediousness of exercises and practice.

By means of a mechanism so delicate and responsive

As to admit of artistic and individual expression.

The broad assertion was made that

With the Pianola Anyone Could play anything On any piano.

This was supplemented by the still more interesting intimation that

In the Pianola the skilled pianist would find neither a soulless imitator nor an unworthy rival, but a valued ally, and an always interesting friend.

Such an announcement coming from the manufacturers of the Aeolian, so well and favorably known to the musical public, naturally aroused immediate attention and no little expectation.

Of self-acting pianos, or mechanical piano-players, there were already a number.

But here was the definite promise of something different.

Would it be different?

And if so, How? and Why?

It certainly was different. So entirely different that even with the most accomplished and critical of piano virtuosi incredulity speedily gave place to astonishment, and astonishment to enthusiasm.

Here, for the first time in the history of the piano, was an instrumentality which, while it insured with absolute certainty the striking of the right note at the right time, and for exactly the right length of time, left to the intelligence of the performer the force with which it should be struck, and the nature of the blow. Tempo as well as touch was under complete control, and the various pedal effects were easily available.

It was also immediately established that the Pianola was essentially an instrument allowing progress—as much so as the piano itself;

That, while at the very outset it placed at the command of the merest novice technique not ordinarily attainable, except by long and weary years of perpetual practicing, there was for the skilled musician possibilities in the Pianola which time itself could not exhaust.

Criticism was invited.

Not without difficulty, the greatest pianists of the century were induced to

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ugliness of such a scandal as has arisen in the Court at The Hague.

Prince Henry complained to his friend the Kaiser that his wife would not whack up enough for him to pay his debts, which may have been incurred by gambling or otherwise, but which she, as the possessor of many millions, should have put out of his way. He considers that she is not only niggardly, but wants to keep him in a position of running to her for pocket-money, so that she may take the full value out of him and her expenditure by treating him as a lap-dog. Taking their cue from their Queen, the Dutch Ministers have treated him as a person of no importance whatever, and therefore this strutting German officer appears to have determined to act as he is treated—like a hound. Prince Albert when he first became the Royal Consort of Queen Victoria found his life a hard one because he was so disliked by the English people, but the never-dying affection of his wife and his own superior manliness, tact and intellect soon won for him a place, in the respect of the British people. Yet it is within the memory of those who are still alive that the effusive affection of Queen Victoria and her never-failing effort to keep the Prince Consort not only in sight, but by her side, made him appear something like a distinguished retainer selected to give her a companion and the British people an heir to the throne.

In private life a man who weds money in order to avoid work makes an unspeakably bad bargain unless by nature he is a loafer, and so lacking in worth and self-respect as to blunt the arrows of popular scorn and make him impervious to the wounds which a shrewish or contemptuous woman finds it so easy to inflict.

If a man marries without love and solely to obtain a position or a competence, his wife, no matter how dull she may be, is sure to discover that he is the meanest of all social parasites, the fortune-hunter,

and is sure to meet him with upbraids, taunts, or that most pathetic of all things, hysterical appeals for love which he does not possess and cannot successfully simulate.

If he is the stronger character of the two he may swindle her out of her money, and basely desert her after he has obtained what he married her for.

If she be the stronger of the two, he will be forced to run to her every time he wants the price of a box of cigars or a new suit of clothes, and she will probably never fail to accompany the cash with a scolding or a big dose of unpalatable advice.

As a rule, women would rather stay single than wed a known fortune-hunter, no matter how attractive he may be, but when the fair sex desires to be convinced, a very little argument or show of affection will carry conviction.

The majority of men would rather be king in a five-roomed house than a so-called prince consort in a palace. But then there are, unfortunately, a large class of both men and women who think they cannot be happy without an assured income or plentiful wealth.

Where there is one chance for a man to marry a woman for money, there are hundreds of chances for a woman to marry a man, not because she loves him or for his moral worth, but because he can give her a fine house, plenty of servants, and a chance to shine as a person of social distinction.

To decide that they can find happiness in this way is to declare it proven that a woman can be happy without being loved, which is an admission not usually made, and if it be true that a woman loves her children only in proportion as she loves her husband, true motherly delight in offspring is apt also to be denied to her.

There may be nothing in love in a cottage, but if the sweet dove of affection and peace flies so soon from the face of poverty, what must be the condition of discontent and dislike in the mansion where love has never been even as a visitor?

Our disappointments and pains increase in proportion to our possibilities. To the poor, joy comes with trifles and love seems everything. To the rich, who have everything else within their reach, love also assumes the undue proportion of being everything, particularly if it is absent, as it always is in a mercenary marriage, no matter whether the commercial spirit rules the wife, the husband, or both.

Poor Queen Wilhelmina had to marry because she was a queen. Prince Henry did not have to marry her,

but he made the bargain, and should have put up with the false position for which he was the successful applicant.

But in the case of ordinary people no one is forced to marry, and everyone can well afford to bear in mind that there are a heap of worse things than being dead, and many worse conditions than being single.

personally investigate the Pianola; and one by one, Rosenthal, Sauer, De Pachmann, Moszkowski, and Paderewski rendered their verdicts of approval and endorsement.

These opinions are a matter of record, and of widespread publicity. Coming from the acknowledged masters of the piano—men who have devoted their lives to its study, and whose names will forever be associated with it, such testimony was naturally sufficient to overcome any possible prejudice that might exist against the employment of an instrument simply because it was an instrument;

And it was soon realized that the Pianola, so far from depreciating Art or cheapening its quality, might easily become a marvelous aid to its development.

It is doubtful whether any other musical invention of any kind whatsoever, in any age of the world, ever aroused greater interest, or was received with greater favor.

The Pianola affords—

To the Novice:

Immediate ability to play any piece, no matter how difficult, with technical correctness;

To the Average Player:

Opportunity to immediately increase the power of expression and to extend indefinitely the simplest repertoire;

To the Multitude who "Used to Play":

A revival of all the old-time musical habit and enthusiasm, with enjoyment increased by the increase of capability and scope;

To the Skilled Pianist:

The artistic rendition of masterpieces by the hundred instead of by the score;

To the Student, no matter how far removed from teachers and conservatories:

The most liberal education—the most practical and helpful of all tuition;

To the entire household:

Extension of piano enjoyment to every member of the family.

The Pianola means a widespread revival of interest in piano-playing;

The resurrection of better instruments for those that, seldom used, had been thought "good enough."

Everywhere it acts as a stimulant to musical thought—a refiner of musical taste—an educational force.

Is it to be wondered at that in its short public history the Pianola has achieved a success surpassing that of any other musical invention of the century?

ICELAND is a land without crime, has no prisons and no policemen. It is stated that within the last thousand years the records of the island contain but two cases of theft. One was sheep-stealing by a man whose family was in want of food, and the odium attached to the offence was considered sufficient punishment. The other offence was also sheep-stealing, but the offender was in comfortable circumstances, and was sentenced to sell his property, restore the value of that which he had stolen and leave the country—or be executed. Of course he left the country.

It is doubtful if those of us who live amidst the alarms of burglars and the rumors of crimes could be induced to spend our days in a country so lacking in movement, ambition, variety, competition and intelligence as not to develop amongst its people offences against property and the possessors of more than their share. One can find perfect safety from robbers on an uninhabited island, but remote from everything but the sounding sea the price paid for it in lonesomeness would be awfully out of proportion to the security felt. Many people, without calculating the cost in anything but money, go to foreign countries to make their fortunes and live amongst people who speak a different language, have different laws and standards of morality and happiness, and are there submitted to the perhaps unintended, indignities which are heaped upon aliens. Money obtained in the social isolation of such surroundings is dear at any price, no matter how much of it one gets. As a rule, a single young man in Canada can live in good surroundings, have access to intelligent society, be well fed, warmly housed, and have plenty to interest him every day in the year, for ten or twelve dollars a week, while if he had an income of a thousand dollars a week in such foreign countries as the majority of our adventurers seek, the same pleasures and immunity from irritating contacts, the same food and health, could not be purchased for that sum, nor indeed at all, for they are not there. After years of toil a sufficient sum may finally be got together to enable the adventurer to return home, but home does not seem the same to him, and he finds himself unfitted to find happiness in either his native or adopted country. If a man marries a foreigner and settles down in the rude country of his wife's relatives he is almost certain to degenerate to the level in which he finds himself anchored for life, and even when he is old he is still more or less of a foreigner even in his own home and amongst his best friends. The young man who has not tried to live without sympathy, associations and affection should think a good many times before sacrificing these to make a fortune, for where there is one unusual inducement offered there are not to be many disadvantages and irritations to make life miserable.

THE Sioux City, Ia., School Board has fitted up a lunch-room where the scholars can purchase hot dishes at minimum rates, and everything is sold for checks which can be obtained in small amounts. Ninety boys and girls can be served in ten minutes, and the hot lunches, which only cost a trifle, are clean and the food of the best. This seems to be another movement towards the simplifying of housekeeping, for in large cities, where the men either take their lunches or get them down town, the midday meal is prepared largely for the schoolchildren. In Chicago and many of the large cities, co-operative dining-rooms have been established which will provide food for two or three thousand at a meal. Dining-tables, with napery and dishes belonging to those using them, are allowed, and special dishes are served. The average cost of meals at such places is about twelve and a-half cents apiece. If the servant girl question continues to become more embarrassing, it will not be long before home will be little more than a place to sleep.



THE season so brightly opened in October has continued brilliant, and the number of teas, dances, dinners, luncheons, progressives and suppers is enormous. It becomes necessary to secure a date very far ahead for a dance, and teas tumble over each other, as many as nine having been in progress in various quarters and sets on one afternoon, and three or four being a not infrequent plethora on one visiting list. Needless to say, calling has been largely neglected in many quarters, and the end of the year will not see the welcome clearing off of visiting lists which is so desirable. However, when debtor and creditor continually find themselves elbowing each other when the one should be paying and the other receiving a visit, it is generally understood that they are quits.

One of last week's brightest teas was given by Mrs. Ross Robertson of Culloden, and was of such dimensions as to fully tax the capacity even of her large and convenient residence. The hostess received in the drawing-room, looking very nice indeed, in a handsome black gown with transparent guimpe of tucked black chiffon. Mrs. Robertson's welcome to her friends is always dignified and hearty, and everyone enjoyed last week's tea exceedingly, finding all their friends about and plenty of merriment afoot, while a bevy of capable waitresses, who never seemed to tire, had been invited from the ranks of the prettiest debutantes and other society girls, to minister to the tastes of the huge crowd of guests. I saw Miss Marjorie Cochrane flitting about very busily, doing as deftly as more experienced girls, and everyone knows that it takes "a head" to wait upon one's friends and to look after strangers at one of these crowded afternoons. The buffet was lovely with huge 'mums, and the prevailing tint was delicate pink, and with very pretty shades in pink and silver. Very nice music was supplied by the Italians, and the guests were smart, jolly people who had good stories to tell, good jokes to laugh at, and good fellowship all round. Mrs. Robertson's own happy disposition and ready wit gave the tone to her reception, as the hostess of sufficient force of character is able to do, and it remains one of the brightest memories of Thanksgiving week.

Mrs. Wallbridge is giving twin teas on the 13th and 14th of this month, next Friday and Saturday afternoons, and I fancy that Saturday's tea will be for the younger men and girl friends of her charming daughter, Miss Jeanie Wallbridge, who is back again in her accustomed place in society this year.

Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald and Mrs. Macdonald of St. Andrew's College went to London for Thanksgiving, to visit Mrs. Parfitt, Mrs. Macdonald's mother, and returned on Monday.

Mrs. Humphrey is giving an afternoon tea next Tuesday. Mrs. Guy Warwick of Sunniesholm also gives a tea on Tuesday, and Mrs. Henri Suydam and Mrs. Barnhart give an afternoon progressive at Mrs. Suydam's residence, 62 Madison avenue, on the same day.

Yesterday a lot of teas were in progress. Miss Harris of St. George street had her cards out first for this busy day. Mrs. Wilbur Matthews, who is, with her two nice daughters, welcome back after a long sojourn abroad, gave another of Friday's teas at her home, 76 Pembroke street. Mrs. Armstrong Black, one of the most popular and admired young hostesses in Toronto, gave an afternoon re-

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If you honor us with your order 17 Specialists, including a Hair Dresser, will do all in their power to please you, and the cost will be moderate.

Our studio throughout is equipped with the finest and best known to the photographic art.

Frederick Lynde,

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Have a glorious variety of all the Favorite flowers in season suitable for every purpose.

Out-of-town Orders always delivered in perfect freshness.

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While we draw your attention to other classes of Goods, we do not wish you to overlook our stock of Household Necessities, comprising

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Style, quality and value always meet in "DIAMOND HALL" Jewelry. Everything sold by us carries with it our personal guarantee. If you order by mail and are not satisfied when you see the article, we cheerfully refund money in full upon its return.

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ception at the manse, which was a sure engagement for every invited guest at some time between the possible limit of tea-goers.

Mrs. R. S. Williams of 112 Avenue road gave an afternoon tea on Thursday, on which evening Rev. Fred Plummer delivered a lecture on music in country schools at the Conservatory of Music. By the way, there is nothing better done in that very interesting book of Ralph Connor's, *The Man From Glengarry*, than his description of the congregational singing in the parish where the author was born and bred. It is just perfect.

Miss Dansereau of Montreal has returned home. Miss Muriel Staunton of Blundellsands, Liverpool, is visiting Mrs. Gunther of Bellevue. Mrs. Newman of Crescent road is prolonging her visit to her brother, Mr. Edward Fuller, in Montreal, as Mrs. Fuller is in attendance upon her father, Mr. Bate of St. Catharines, whose illness is reported very serious.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cawthra, who are inveterate travelers, having explored most of this earth's beauty-spots, have gone south for the early winter. Mrs. Agar Adamson and her bonnie son are with Mrs. Cawthra in Beverly street. Mr. Adamson has returned to Ottawa.

Mrs. Rolleston Tate of Lakefield has been regrettably bidden au revoir by her many Toronto friends, who have enjoyed so greatly a glimpse of her charming face, and hope for another very soon.

Mrs. Ramsay (nee Meredith) returned from a visit in London on Monday. Mrs. Alfred Denison spent Thanksgiving with her mother, Mrs. Sandys, in Chatham, and returned on Monday. Senator Cox went up to London on Thanksgiving to visit relatives.

Mrs. L. H. Evans is giving a tea this afternoon at her residence, 97 Spadina avenue. A very pretty débutante, Miss Winnifred Evans, will meet her mother's guests at this tea. Mrs. and Miss Evans were abroad all last season and the younger lady has fully taken advantage of her opportunity for advanced study, and is as bright as she is beautiful.

Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill and her little daughter, Miss Margaret Osborne, are leaving for the South before the New Year. Mrs. Osborne's absence will leave a blank in smart circles, but has been for some seasons rendered necessary by her little daughter's health, which absolutely demands a change from Toronto's trying winter weather.

Mrs. Harley Roberts gave a tea to some hundreds of her friends at her pretty home in Charles street on Monday afternoon. It was a crush, but a very jolly one, and the good forethought of the dainty little hostess in having two tea-rooms was much appreciated by the ladies who enjoyed the hour in pleasant company. Music floated down the stairway from an upper landing, where the Italian orchestra was stationed. The hostess received in the doorway of a little cosy-room, just at the entrance to the drawing room, leaving all the larger apartments free to the pleasant groups of women, who chatted and laughed and admired the lovely tea-tables, the deft waitresses and each other. Mrs. Roberts wore a very delicate gown of smoke grey, with applications of fine black lace, and fashioned in a quaint and becoming style, exactly suiting her pretty and piquante self. She had several Kingston friends and Toronto intimates assisting in the twin tea-rooms. Mrs. Eddie Bickford, in a pretty royal blue and white silk, Miss Lola Henderson in cream, touched with shell pink, being of the party. Mrs. Charles Grasett, aunt of the hostess, who is living with her this season, was a quiet and watchful lady in a rich black gown, touched with jet. The

tea-table in the drawing-room was done in pink 'mums and pink toned the bonbons and decorations, but the sweetest imaginable table was set in the dining-room, centered with a "kopje" of white tulle garlanded with bebe ribbons and crowned by a magnificent bouquet of huge white chrysanthemums. To tell who were at Mrs. Roberts' tea would tax space too much, but the guests came early and stayed late, leaving many compliments behind for the dear little hostess, whose bright home is always a happy center for kindred spirits.

Mrs. Krell and Miss Thomson have been stopping at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. Shortly after their arrival in Gotham Mrs. Krell was unfortunate enough to contract sore throat, which laid her up for a week, a most trying contrempt to the little lady, who loves a good time and knows so well how to have it.

Miss Sears, who has been so popular, is bidding Toronto good-bye for a time, and will do so to her friends at Mrs. Humphrey's tea on the tenth, to which a number of young ladies and a few matrons have been asked.

Major Hendrie and Mr. Gartshore are taking a course at Stanley Barracks. Miss Higginson, one of the most delightful English girls who ever visited Toronto, has gone home to England. I believe she sails from Boston this week.

Miss Meta Macbeth is visiting Mrs. Drury in Kingston. Miss Vivian Williams is being welcomed with great pleasure at all social functions. She is a rarely lovely and sparkling girl.

Amongst the Torontonians residing in London, Eng., for the winter months are Mrs. Pyne, Miss Pyne, Mr. Arthur Hewett, Mrs. Michie, Misses Michie, Mr. James Merrick and Mr. A. L. McCready.

Mrs. Charles A. Larkin, 2 Maple avenue, Rosedale, will be at home on the first and second Mondays of each month.

Mrs. Riddell of Spadina road leaves the city this week, with Miss Riddell, to spend the winter in the South. Miss Elsie and Miss Jean are in residence meanwhile at St. Margaret's College.

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday, the 27th ult., at St. Matthew's Church, Quebec, when Miss Marion Stowell Pope, second daughter of Mr. Edwin Pope, was married to the Rev. William Barton, M.A., son of Henry Musgrave Barton, Esq., of Fosting Grove, Hants, England. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. G. Scott, M.A., D.C.L., rector of the church, assisted by the Revs. J. S. Brewer and H. Hamilton, curates. The sacred edifice was beautifully decorated by the Guild of the church, of which the bride has been a member for several years. Through the kindness of Mr. J. W. Jamieson, who presided at the organ, and of the voluntary choir, the musical portion of the service was exquisitely rendered. The bride, who was given away by her father, was handsomely gowned in white silk, with veil and orange blossoms, and was attended by her sisters and her cousin, Miss Emma Pope. They wore charming gowns of reseda green, black velvet hats, and carried pink chrysanthemums. Their ornaments were opals and pearls, the gifts of the groom, who was supported by his brother, Mr. Cecil A. Barton. The bride was the recipient of many handsome gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Barton left by C.P.R. for a trip to the West.

An elaborate entertainment is to be given in the Temple Building on December 19, 20, and 21, in aid of St. Alban's Cathedral building fund, under the clever management of Mrs. Arthurs. The entertainment is to take the form of a fancy fair, in which everything for sale is to be made of

paper. Already a large number of orders for lamp-shades, tea-cosies, etc., have been received. Each evening an exhibition of Mrs. Jarley's waxworks will be given under the management of Mrs. Grayson Smith, and each afternoon a Mother Goose entertainment for children which will represent a child-trip to Santa Claus land.

At the request of the Woman's Art Association, the artists whose names are given have kindly consented to open their studios to visitors on the afternoon of the first Saturday of each of the three winter months, beginning with to-day: R. F. Gagen, 90 Yonge street; Miss Laura Muntz, Room R, Yonge Street Arcade; C. M. Manly, Room S, Yonge Street Arcade; F. McG. Knowles, Room V, Confederation Life Building; Mrs. Dignam, 284 St. George street; T. Mower Martin, 11 Queen street east; Miss Heaven, Imperial Chambers, 32 Adelaide street east; George Chavignaud, Room 6, 43 Adelaide street east; Miss E. May Martin, 70 Yorkville avenue; Thomas Mowbray, 126 Church street; Miss Ward, Imperial Chambers, 32 Adelaide street east; Miss Wrinch, 619 Church street.

Mrs. W. J. McNally of 250 Major street has returned home and will receive as formerly on first and third Fridays.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Price of Quebec have been visiting Port Hope. One of the traditional rights of Trinity College School is that when an "old boy" brings his bride to the school he can claim a half-holiday for the schoolboys. Mr. Price, who was one of the cricket eleven of 1887 and 1888, introduced his bride on Saturday, and addressing the school in the dining-hall claimed the old-time privilege, which was at once granted by the head master, Dr. Symonds, amid vociferous cheers.

The fifth in the series of excellent lectures being given under the auspices of the Woman's Art Association in their art gallery, Confederation Life Building, is one granted by special request by J. Humfrey Anger, Mus.Bac., Oxon., of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and is to be about "The Early Piano." These lectures will be full of interest to art-loving people, and this, to be delivered on Thursday, December 12th, will be of exceptional interest especially to musicians. Rev. Alexander MacMillan, lecturer at the Conservatory, is to occupy the chair.

To Amateur Photographers.

AMATEUR photography has made great strides in Canada in recent years, and some of the very best photographers in the country are amateurs. Unfortunately much of the finest work done by those who use the camera as a means of recreation never gets publicity beyond the narrow circle of the operator's friends. "Saturday Night" would be glad to receive photographs of interesting, odd or picturesque subjects—preferably Canadian—taken by amateurs. Our facilities for reproducing these in half-tone are the best. We could not guarantee to use all the pictures sent in, but unused prints would be returned if accompanied by the address of the sender. In the case of such pictures as might be used, due credit would be given the photographer, and in this way an intelligent, mutual interest would be created and maintained amongst contributors to the series. Send along your best prints, together with particulars of the subject, and your own name and address, and we will do the rest.

Success at Last.

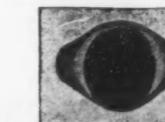
Doctor Brown—Well, did you keep the thermometer in the room at seventy degrees, as I told you? Mrs. Murphy—I did, indeed, doctor, but I had a hard time to do it. The only place it would stay at seventy was forinst the chimney-piece.—Life."



No. 4377 N—Fine Solid Gold Vinaigrette with Enamel, \$15.00.



No. 3731 N—Lady's 14k. Gold Signet Ring, \$8.00.



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No. 3741 N—Very Heavy Solid Gold Signet Ring with Bloodstone, Handsomely Chased Shank, \$23.00.



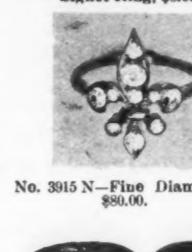
No. 3713 N—Monogram Ring with Revised Letters, 14k., \$8.50.



No. 6862 N—Small, Very Heavy 14k. Gold Handsmoed Chased, \$20.00.



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No. 3915 N—Fine Diamonds, \$80.00.



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No. 3832 N—Fine Diamonds and Emerald, \$65.00.



No. 3648 N—14k. Gold Ring with Five Turquoises, \$13.00.



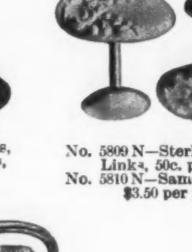
No. 5821 N—10k. Gold Links, heavy, \$6.00 per pr.



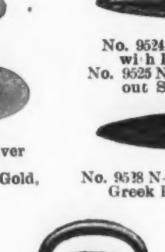
No. 3885 N—Fine Pearl Brooch, Pendant or Chatelaine, \$25.00.



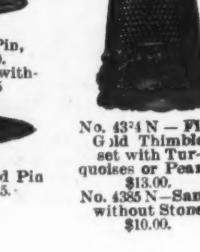
No. 4387 N—Fine Oriental Pearl Stud, \$62.00.



No. 5840 N—14k. Gold Links, heavy, with fine Diamonds, \$15.00 per pr.



No. 5809 N—Sterling Silver Links, 50c. per pr.



No. 9524 N—Gold Pin, with Pearl, \$1.50.

No. 9525 N—Same, without Stone, \$1.25.



No. 5820 N—Fleur-de-lis Emblem, \$6.00.



No. 434 N—Fine Gold Thimble set with Pearls, \$13.00.

No. 435 N—Same, without Stones, \$10.00.



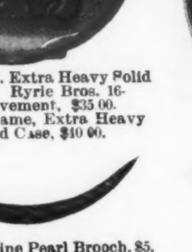
No. 5518 N—14k. Heavy Solid Gold Case, Ryrie Bros., Special 17 Jewel Movement, \$50.00.



No. 5513 N—Expansion Bracelet Watch, 14k. Gold, High Grade, Full Jewelled Lever Movement, \$65.00.



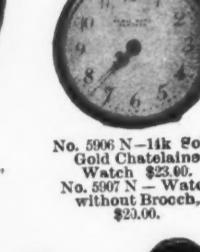
No. 5509 N—14k. Extra Heavy Solid Gold Case, Ryrie Bros., 16-Jewel Movement, \$35.00.



No. 5510 N—Same, Extra Heavy 18k. Gold Case, \$40.00.



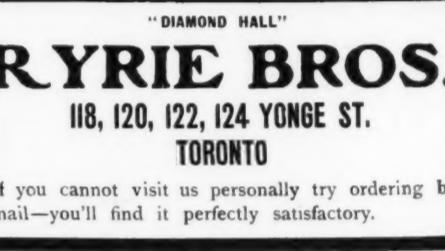
No. 5528 N—14k. Gold Filled Extra Hunting Case, Ryrie Bros., "Special" 15-Jewel Movement, \$20.00.



No. 5907 N—14k. Solid Gold Chatelaine Watch, \$23.00.

No. 5906 N—14k. Solid Gold Chatelaine Watch, \$23.00.

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Xmas Furs



Many of the handsomest and most costly gifts are made in the smaller pieces of fur—we have this in mind in designing and making up many of the Caperine, Scarf and Boa styles we're displaying in our fur show rooms this week—and with the most elaborate of them service and comfort are not overlooked in the least—a visit to our show rooms may settle all doubt what to give or to get—"not how cheap but how good" fits the holiday idea immensely—and remember this—excellence in quality doesn't always mean a high price.

Caperines

Persian Lamb and Alaska Sable Caperines, exclusive designs.....	\$2.00 to \$6.00
Persian Lamb and Mink Caperines	\$6 to \$9.00
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Solid Alaska Sable Caperines.....	\$2.00 to \$3.00
Electric Seal and Astrachan Caperines, special.....	\$1.00

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Isabella Blue, Black, Sable and Red Fox Boas—(Sets).....

\$5.00 to \$7.50

Cub Bear Boas.....

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Fine Cub or

Social and Personal.

THE East and West sides have each been enriched by the debut of a pretty maiden since my last chronicle. On Wednesday, November 27, Mrs. E. J. Lennox brought out her young daughter, Miss Eola, who is a very sweet and popular little lady. The tea at which she made her formal entry into society was a large and crowded function, at which the guests were noticeably smart and jolly. Mrs. Lennox received with her daughter beside her, in the drawing-room, wearing a very handsome and quiet gown of pale fawn voile, elaborately but unobtrusively embroidered and inserted in a very dainty and elegant style. The hostess presented her little debutante to her friends, and everyone had something nice to say of the smiling girl, who looked very pretty in the regulation white frock. The guests found a royal effect in decoration in the tea-room, where golden 'mums, huge balls of color, centered a purple bed of violets and garlands of wide pink ribbons. It was quite the handsomest and most striking floral effect of the season, and a feast for the lovers of beauty who viewed it. The delicate perfume of violets was quite noticeable, and the tea-table really "a thing of beauty." A large party of young people did their graceful task of waiting on the crowd of ladies with their usual ability, and the musicians played all the new music in honor of so fair an event as the coming out of the daughter of the house.

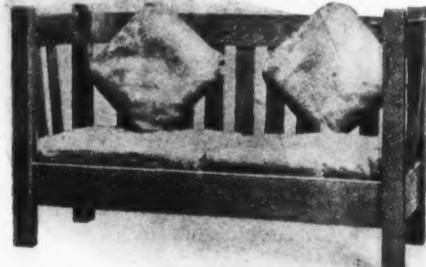
On Wednesday of this week Mrs. Carveth gave a tea to present her daughter, Miss Aileen, a young girl who has long been the pet of a loving circle of relatives and friends. Miss Carveth returned recently from a prolonged visit to relations in England, and was welcomed home with great pleasure by Toronto friends. At her debut she wore a white mouseline frock and carried a sheaf of American Beauty roses. Mrs. Carveth looked lovely in a black lace gown over rose silk, and Mrs. George Macdonald, her sister, was in pearl gray with white lace and chaperoned a sweet coterie of girls in the tea-room. Misses Roland Hills, Mary Miles, Edith Coady, Isabel McWilliams, Ruby Alkins and Frances Lister were the attendants. The table was done in an ideal debutante effect—a rustic jardiniere was filled with huge white and pale green 'mums. These latter may not be quite according to the 'mum color scheme, but they are simply lovely. The idea of the scheme was carried out to perfection. The ices, punches and lemonade were green, and the rare plates used for the gateaux were in the chosen tint, as well as the bonbons and sweetmeats. Plenty of flowers were about the rooms; the reception-room was done in scarlet, with fairy lights, a mantel banked with ferns and carnations and a glowing grate and chandelier screened with scarlet. This was a veritable cosy corner in an inclement winter afternoon. The attendance of friends at Miss Carveth's debut was immense, as her family has a large and important acquaintance in Toronto.

Mrs. Alfred T. Smith of Buffalo came to Toronto on Wednesday for a few days. On Friday a pretty luncheon was given in her honor at the rose room at McConkey's, when Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Buchan, Mrs. Macdougall, Mrs. and Miss Vivien Williams and Mrs. Paul Krell were among the company.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Richardson announced at Whitchurch the engagement of their daughter, Ada Alma Howard, to W. W. Crawford, M.D., of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, marriage to take place Christmas week.

Miss Tubby of Rose avenue is visiting friends in Acton and Guelph.

On Tuesday evening the Parkdale Euchre Club were entertained by the Misses Roberts of King street west. The prize-winners of the evening were

ROGERS' FINE FURNITURE**The Luxury of Taste**

It is quite possible to satisfy one's taste for the good and beautiful in furniture without a large expenditure of money. This fact is exemplified all through our stocks, but especially so in some choice pieces of sitting-room and library furniture lately placed on our floors.

The list includes Easy Chairs and Settees, Writing-Tables and Stands, Reception Chairs and Rockers, Tabourets and Palm Stands, all made of quarter-cut oak "weathered" to a soft and pleasing shade.

The illustration above will give an idea of how simplicity of design and good construction have been combined with real artistic effect in every piece.

It would be hard to conceive of a more suitable Christmas gift to a relative or friend than one of these examples of high art in furniture.

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I ask for no money. Simply write me a postal and I will send you an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month, and if it does what I claim, pay your druggist \$5.50 for it. If it doesn't, I will pay him myself.

I have no samples. Any medicine that can affect Rheumatism with but a few doses must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs. It is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and I take the risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 39 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay, and pay gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or letter. Let me send you an order for the medicine. Take it for a month, for it won't harm you anyway. If it cures, pay \$5.50. I shall tell that entirely to you. I will mail you a book that tells how I do it.

Simply state which Book No. 1 on Dipslopia, book you want and Book No. 2 on the Heart, book of your dealer, and address Dr. SHOOP, Box 23, for Women and Book No. 5 for Men (sealed), Racine, Wis. Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

Miss Gwendolyn Roberts and Mr. Ralph Pack.

Invitations are out for a piano recital to be given by Miss Helen Wildman on Saturday afternoon, December 7, 1901, in the Nordheimer Recital Hall. Miss Wildman will be assisted by the Klingenberg String Quartette and Mr. Adam Dockray, tenor.

Mrs. Walter J. Bell (nee Coles) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Monday, December 9, afternoon and evening, at 13 Tranty avenue, and afterwards on the first Friday in the month.

Mrs. MacMahon has returned from New York. Mrs. Krell and Miss Margaret Thomson returned from New York at the beginning of the week. Mrs. Peter Bell of Victoria, B.C., is the guest of her sister, Miss Dupont.

Mr. Jack Osler, who is on leave from his regiment, which is at present stationed at Aldershot, is with his people at Craigleath until after Christmas. Mr. Newton of Aldershot, England, is also visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler.

Kyrle Believ's engagement at the Princess has interested a good many smart people, and theater parties have been many this week. Mr. Believ has changed a good deal since his first appearance in Toronto; his hand is as quick and his stage business as perfect as ever, in the great duel scene, and he had curtain calls by the dozen during the week.

Mrs. Lockie has returned from a three weeks' visit, and is entertaining her nieces, two bright young Kingston girls, the Misses Clarke, who are very welcome visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Trethewey have removed to their new home, 61 Greenville street, where Mrs. Trethewey will receive on the second and third Tuesdays.

Mrs. W. A. Kemp gave a very enjoyable tea on Wednesday afternoon. The

hostess wore a gown of blue voile, trimmed with cream insertion and touches of black velvet. Mrs. Kemp, sr., and Mrs. A. E. Kemp assisted in the reception of the guests. Those who presided in the tea-room were Mrs. Albert Brown, Mrs. Woodland, Miss Florence Kemp, Miss Sterling, Miss Lilian Skinner, Miss Muriel Simpson and Miss Norton Beatty. Its decoration was beautiful and quite novel, composed of a mass of lovely deep pink roses, maidenhair fern and smilax, banked in the center of the table. Pink roses, palms and ferns were used in the other rooms and hall.

Dr. and Mrs. Millman gave a dance in the Temple Building on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Millman wore a gown of violet brocade, with lace, and touches of old rose, with diamond ornaments. Miss Millman wore eau de Nil silk with a bolero of Honiton lace, pink carnations in her hair, and pearl ornaments. Miss Fitzgerald of Welland wore a smart frock of cream voile, with cream applique chiffon. The rooms in the Temple Building were decorated very prettily for the occasion, the windows and walls being arranged with draperies of bunting, while palms, ferns and chrysanthemums adorned the platform, and magnificent yellow chrysanthemums, smilax and ferns the supper-room and supper-table. Among the guests present were the Hon. G. E. Foster and Mrs. Foster, Miss Clark and Miss Marjorie Clark of Kingston, Miss Reesor of Markham, Mr. and Mrs. Pervival Eby, Miss Claire Eby, Mr. Douglass Eby, Justice and Mrs. Lister, Mr. and Mrs. John A. McGillivray of Uxbridge, Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Beemer, Dr. and Mrs. Barber, Miss Alice Cross, the Misses Muirhead, Miss Kittie Patterson, Miss Daisy Devell of Port Hope, Miss Covert, Miss Katie Strange, Mr. Harry Strange, Mr. Harry Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Lowndes, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Grey, Miss Flo Lowndes, Mr. and Mrs. Gowenlock, Mr. and Mrs. George Warwick, Miss Murphy of Ottawa, Mrs. and Miss Maddison, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warwick, Mr. and Mrs. David C. Symons, and Mr. Aylesworth.

The Chatton At Home included the following guests: Mrs. and Miss Adams, Miss Angus, Mrs. Robert Angus, the Misses Allen Bates, Bilton, Black, Bolland, Bowring, Butt, Clark, Cole, Curran, Darby, Davidson, Doane, Douglas, Dudley, Dolly Dudley, Eakins, Ellis, Evans, Findlay, Fisher, Follett, Muriel Follett, Forman, Forrest, Frankish, Mrs. Fraser, the Misses Fulton, Louie Fulton, Gouinlock, Graham, Greer, Mrs. Harris, the Misses E. Haworth, Heintzman, Nelda Heintzman, Hills, Hobson, Hodgens, Howe, Hughes, Hunter, Husband, Hutchinson, Irving, Jenkins, Johnston, Winnie Johnston, Johnstone, Jones, Kay, Keith, Kirk, Lalor, Love, Lovell, Macdonald, Georgie Macdonald, Mallory, Miles, Millar, Montgomery, O'Hara, Oliver, Patton, Pringle, Quigley, Ritchie, Rose, Kate Ross, Sad, Mabel Sad, Sampson, Segsworth, Sloan, Smith, Mrs. Smith, the Misses Steele, Sterling, Stevenson, Stewart, Thomas, Thompson, Tay, Vandewart, Mrs. Wagner, the Misses Wagner, Weaver, Wells, Wickens, Wheaton, Wheeler, Gertrude Wheeler, Ella Wheeler, Wilson, Wright, Young Messrs. Addison, Angus, Bascom, Bastedo, Banks, Begg, Berkishaw, Binnie, Blachford, Black, Brent, Hal, Brent, Bonsall, Christie, Copp, Corrigan, Fred Corrigan, Durham, Ellis, Findlay, Fish-

GRAND OPERA HOUSE WEEK OF MONDAY, DECEMBER 9

WEDNESDAY MATINEES SATURDAY

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Presents the Musical Comedy Success

Mam'selle 'Awkins

First time in Toronto, at Grand Opera House Special Prices. Miss Delta Stacey, as Mam'selle 'Awkins, supported by a Star Cast and Chorus of Thirty

PRICES First 12 Rows.....75c. M.A.T.S. Second 12 Rows.....50c. 25 and 50c. Balcony .50c. and 25c.

SHEA'S THEATER EVENING PRICES. 25 and 50c. MATINEES DAILY. all seats 25c.

Special Engagement of KATHERINE BLOODGOOD Toronto's Favorite Singer

AL. SHEAR and CHARLES L. WARREN "Quo Vadis" Upstage Down

MR. HAL DAVIS Assisted by MISS ETHEL BARRINGTON Presenting "One Christmas Eve," by WILL. M. CRESSEY

THE PANTZER TRIO Assisted by MR. CAIRL PANTZER In a new comedy acrobatic act "A Gymnast's Parlor Amusement"

SYDNEY GRANT Mimic

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MISS CHESTER'S \$10,000 STATUE The Greatest Novelty Before the Public

EXTRA ATTRACTION EXTRA AL. LEECH AND THE ROSEBUDS Roaring Comedy Skit

String Quartette Concert Conservatory Music Hall THURSDAY 12TH Soloists—Miss Lina D. Adamson, Violinist; Mr. Edward Drury, Baritone; Mr. Napier, Piano. Admission, 50c. Reserved Seats 75c. and \$1. Subscription to the remaining four Concerts \$2.00 (best seats). Plan now open at Conservatory of Music.

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No. 1025—Our most popular Caperine and greatest seller this year in—

Alaska Seal Yoke, Alaska Sable Trimming \$40.00

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Persian Lamb Yoke, trimmed with Alaska Sable (as Cut).....\$40.00

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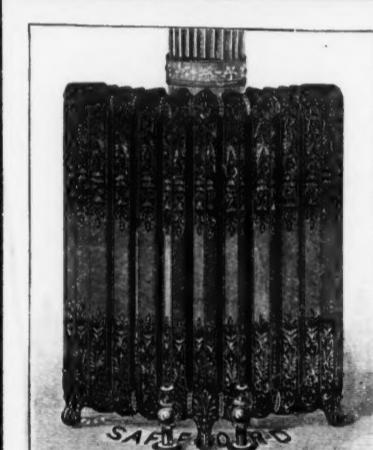
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Social and Personal.

CARDS are out for an afternoon reception at Government House on Saturday, December 14, and Miss Mowat is also giving a dance for the young people and some of their elders on Tuesday evening.

Mr. James Plummer and Miss Mollie Plummer came home from their European trip some time ago, leaving Mrs. Plummer and the little girls in Jersey for the winter. They had a pleasant visit with the soldier son, Mr. Tom Plummer, who was in fine health and spirits. Mr. and Miss Plummer are very welcome home.

Captain and Mrs. Gilpin Brown of Regina are expected down for Christmas. Mrs. Gilpin Brown (nee Boultion) will be welcomed by her people with great pleasure, and her husband as well.

The news that a mounted force of Canadians is to be sent out to South Africa at once has caused some heart-stirring among the folk who have already gone through the hard experience of not knowing where or how their soldier-men were faring for weeks at a time. But no one says stay, now that there seems yet a chance to help Mother England's work to a close. Major Merritt has always been with one foot in the stirrup to go back and finish the thing, and several others have not yet had their fill of war's hardships.

Mr. Sherwood Hodges, R.N., is visiting his father, Mr. Frank Hodges, at Cloynewood. Mr. Sherwood Hodges has just passed his exam. for acting sub-lieutenant, and has been granted a few weeks' leave before starting for England.

The engagement of Mr. John Draper Dobie to Miss Jessie Lucille Fenton, youngest daughter of Mrs. E. Fenton, of St. Catharines, has been announced.

The wedding of Mr. William Frederick McLaren of Pittsburgh, son of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry McLaren of Hamilton, to Miss Alice Mary Houston, daughter of Venerable Archdeacon Houston, of Niagara Falls, took place on Monday, November 27, at Christ Church, Niagara Falls, the father of the bride officiating. The church was charmingly decorated with smilax, chrysanthemums and palms, while the full choir rendered a musical service. The bridesmaids were Miss Houston of Niagara Falls and Miss Jean McLaren, the best man being Mr. Harry McLaren of Hamilton. The bride was very becomingly gowned in a traveling dress of biscuit-colored cloth, with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. At the reception at the rectory which followed the ceremony the immediate relatives were present.

Mrs. Saportas is visiting her sister, Mrs. Vaux Chadwick.

Mrs. Wilson and Miss Erie Wilson of Quebec are in town and are guests at Bonny Castle. Mrs. Frank Macdonald has sent out cards of invitation for progressive eucharis for Thursday evening, December 12, at 8:30 o'clock. Miss Trent, who has been visiting Mrs. Trent of Bismarck Avenue, has left town, en route to Japan.

Mrs. George Dunstan received at her apartments, 210 Bay street, last Wednesday for the first time this season, and will be at home on each first Wednesday during the winter. Mrs. Dunstan has been a bright and charming guest at many of the month's teas.

The dance in the Gymnasium at Varsity on Tuesday evening was a very nice one, and no one, to look at the crowd of young people who enjoyed it, would have realized that several other dances were on for the same evening. These Varsity boys certainly command the suffrages of a very pretty lot of girls, and most of the beauties were out on Tuesday night in exceedingly pretty frocks to dance to their hearts' content. The quadrille d'honneur was reserved from invasion by the two-step fields by a slender band of white ribbon stretched across the Gym, at the east end, and was danced by Miss Mowat, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Sweeny, Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Baker and Miss Marjorie Mowat, who were cavaliered by Professor Ramsay Wright, Dean Baker, Professor Hutton, Commander Law, Mr. Henderson. These annual at homes are given under the auspices of the president, officers and members of Varsity Athletic Association, and always achieve one of the brightest successes of the season. The men take a great deal of trouble with the decoration of the huge "Gym," and on Tuesday had the galleries draped in blue and white, Varsity colors, and many touches of color from flags and designs in all directions. The music was splendid and the floor in excellent order, which was a triumph of good work, for the entire space had to be thoroughly cleaned and waxed between the time of the close of the embryo medicos' dinner on Monday and the early hour of the dance. It was done, and well done, too. The supper was plain but of unusual niceness, and perfectly served. The patricesses and their escorts were seated at a large square central table, and many smaller tables were set about, decorated with jardinières of plants, roses and satin ribbons. Skilful waiters served the menu, which included bouillon, meats, jellies, russets and ices, each the best of its kind, and very excellent coffee. Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Hutton wore handsome black gowns, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, dove gray, and Mrs. Baker, white, with revers of ermine. Mrs. Macdonald was in white silk, and looked the most girlish of patricesses. Miss Mowat wore a black robe palliette, which is most becoming to her, and the pretty, fair-haired debutante, Miss Marjorie Mowat, wore white, a daintily little flounce of chiffon "en berth" veiling her shoulders. A pretty young girl was Miss Ralph, in a black dress with a touch of pink on the bodice and in the coiffure, who came with one of the Varsity ladies. We all missed sweet Miss VanderSluisen, who is abroad, but her aunt, Miss Mason, of Ermeleigh, and her young cousin, Mr. Douglas Mason, were among the dancers. Mrs. Ross brought her three graces—Miss Kate, Miss Florence, and a bright little "not-out" in a quaint

blue organdie frock dotted with white. Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman had two handsome daughters and Mrs. Kemp her second daughter, Miss Dolly, in a pretty white frock, and a very handsome young girl, Miss Muriel Simpson, in deep blue organdie figured with white, and carrying a sheaf of white roses. Miss Ruby Croft, in white silk, looked very well, and Miss Barrett, in shell pink, most graceful and sweet. Miss Lampert wore pale blue, with white lace, as did also a smart young Parkdale belle whose name escapes me. Mrs. Rolland Hills and her fair daughters, the mother in a dainty black gown and the young ladies in smart blue and pink gowns; Mrs. Eastwood and her bright debutante, Miss Winnifred; Miss Josie Monahan, in pale blue; Miss Salter, in black, with a touch of cerise in her lovely white hair; Mrs. Sweeny of Rohallion, in white satin, with pale blue ceinture and trimmings; Dr. D. Bruce Macdonald, Professor Laing, Professor Hutton, and scores of those fine young fellows who are doing honor to Varsity and getting ready for prominence in various walks of life, with dozens of charming young girls, many of them not yet out, were present at this jolly dance.

Mrs. and Miss Gzowski gave an afternoon tea at The Hall yesterday.

On November 29 the Chatham Literary Club gave their annual At Home at McConkey's, and a most well arranged and pleasant affair it was. The Chatham is an East Side institution, which has not yet a counterpart on the West Side, but which deserves imitation, both intellectually and socially. The dance on Friday last was a complete success, and those enjoying the hospitality of the club appreciated it greatly. Supper was served at quartette tables in excellent style in the cafe upstairs, and everyone voted it very nice. The lady guests of the Chathams looked their best. On last Monday evening the club discussed the transportation system of Canada, and at these discussions every member present is liable to be called upon to speak. On December 16 essays on architecture and the history of art will be read by members.

Miss Kemp, one of the season's debutantes, has gone to visit friends in South Bend, Indiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall of 26 Admiral road are to spend the winter in Quebec. They have rented their house for the season.

Miss Ardella (Deda) Gillespie was presented to society by her mother, Mrs. Gillespie, at an afternoon reception given for the debutante at the Rectory, Avenue road, last Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Gillespie was very handsomely gowned in deep wine-colored silk, with velvet and some fine white lace, quite en grande toilette, and looking the proud mother, as well she may, for her children, from the graceful debutante in her sheer mousseline frock and breast-knot and bouquet of violets, to the little fairy-like girl in the dainty white Greenaway gown and slippers, are the dearest of boys and girls. Miss Deda received with Mrs. Gillespie, and the rector and his elder son were also at the reception, looking after the guests with a remarkably pretty party of young ladies in the tea room. The waitresses were Miss Flo Gillespie, Miss Eola Lennox, Miss Ruby Croft, Miss Amy Douglas, Miss Alice Balmer, Miss Mewburn of Hamilton, who is visiting at the Rectory; Miss Drayton, Miss Terry Irving, Miss E. Coady, Miss Howland, Miss Akers and some others. Among the guests were Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. E. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Wilbur Matthews, Mrs. and Miss Macdougall of Carlton Lodge, Mrs. C. E. Ryerson and Miss Ryerson, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. McDowell Thomson, Miss Amy Laing, Mrs. Willie Mulock, Mrs. and Miss Paterson, Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Mrs. Shirley Denison, Mrs. Coady, Mrs. and Miss Chadwick, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. A. S. Irving, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. S. Alfred Jones, Miss Jeannette Drayton, Mrs. Boddy, Mrs. Donald Ridout, Mrs. Des Barres, Mrs. J. Fliskin, Mrs. Cassells, Mrs. W. J. Doug-

las, Mrs. Mowat, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Lawrence Baldwin, and a great many others.

Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto gave a dinner dance on Tuesday evening, which was in honor of the visit of her son, Mr. Joe Mackenzie, who is down from the North-West, and is just now in the Eastern Provinces with his father. The dinner was for about twenty-five guests, but the dance augmented the party by several score.

Mrs. Alfred Hall (nee Fulton of Woodstock) will hold her first reception since her marriage at her home, 64 Crescent road, Rosedale, on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 10 and 11, and will receive on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month thereafter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Scott Leach have taken a furnished house for the winter at 200 Upper Cottingham street, their house in St. George street having been sold. Mrs. Leach receives on Fridays as before.

Miss Sara Matthewman of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, was visiting Miss Clara Smith of Avenue road during Thanksgiving holidays.

The Women's Guild of St. Peter's Church are working very hard for their annual sale, which is to take place in the schoolhouse, the corner of Carlton and Bleecker streets, on Thursday, December 12. Afternoon and high tea will be served. The rector in charge, Rev. Mr. Carel Ward, and his mother, Mrs. Ward, who is the president of the Guild, are both taking an active interest in the sale. Mrs. Herbert Mason and Mrs. J. F. W. Ross are to have the novelty and art table. Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Walter S. Lee have the produce table. Miss Goodeham and Miss Mason have the fancy needlework, while Mrs. T. B. Taylor and Miss Davies, with Mrs. Jack Hargraft and others, have the paper table. There will be all the usual features in the way of fish-ponds and candy-tables.

"I was advised to go to a pine woods near the sea in a most isolated place. This I did, and lived there for two years, without any visible benefit. I gave up all hope of recovery until last spring a friend expressed the belief that the coffee I drank was the cause of all of my trouble. He had been a slave to it and had been unable to find relief until he quit and took up Postum Food.

"His experience startled me, and I decided to try the change, although I had but little faith in its merits. My first cup of Postum proved delicious, and was a great surprise. It was evidently well made. I had not the slightest trouble in leaving off coffee, for the Postum filled its place perfectly.

"During the past six months I have gained in flesh, my sallow complexion has become clear, and my eyesight gradually improved, until now I am able to read and write. My mind is once more clear and active, and I no longer suffer from sleepless, nervous spells. You can imagine I feel grateful for my restoration." W. Harold Fenlon, Brighton, Va.

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MISS COADY'S. Exquisite fit and
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las, Mrs. Mowat, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Lawrence Baldwin, and a great many others.

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On Thanksgiving Day a quiet wedding took place in Trinity Church, St. Thomas, when Miss Enese Emily Southbridge Southwick, youngest daughter of the late George Southwick, M.D., was married to Mr. Maxwell Avery Richardson of the Imperial Bank staff, Toronto, son of Mr. J. A. Richardson, manager of the Imperial Bank, Montreal. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Arundel C. Hill, M.A. The bride was charmingly gowned in a Parisian traveling costume of brown basket cloth, with chapeau to match. She wore violets and a beautiful set of sable furs. After a quiet dejeuner, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson left for the East, amid the congratulations of many friends and showers of rice and rose-leaves. Mrs. Richardson will receive in her new home, 310 Huron street, after the first of the month.

During the past six months I have gained in flesh, my sallow complexion has become clear, and my eyesight gradually improved, until now I am able to read and write. My mind is once more clear and active, and I no longer suffer from sleepless, nervous spells. You can imagine I feel grateful for my restoration." W. Harold Fenlon, Brighton, Va.

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SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS: Sheila Cope is taken by her mother to the theater, and there sees two people who interest her strangely. One is a young man in the pit, to whom she is indefinitely drawn, and the other a woman in the stalls. The latter catches Sheila's eye and deliberately exposes a purple scar on her arm. Sheila is startled for a similar scar on her mother's arm has been a mystery to her since childhood. When Lady Cope notices the woman with the scar, she hastily leaves the theater, putting Sheila into a cab and bidding her drive back to the hotel. On her way home, the girl catches a glimpse of her mother and the woman with the scar seated in a four-wheeler. Subsequently the young man or Sir Lycus pretends to be a prominent service. When Sheila reaches the hotel her mother is not there, but presently arrives in a dying condition, with her right arm horribly scarred, and a fresh burn where the scar had been. Moreover, incoherently, "I have been after all these years avenging," she says. "Sheila Wing." Lady Cope dies of heart disease. It is noticed that she was wearing a black opera-cloak instead of the yellow one in which she went out. Sheila instinctively connects this with the woman of the scar. Next day Sheila goes down to Arrish Mell Court, her Dorsetshire home, where her mother is buried. She resolves to carry out her mother's dying wish and investigate the "Wing." After a search through the rooms in which she is startled by mysterious noises, she finds nothing but a tiny key in the pocket of an old tea-gown of her mother's. Next day Sir Roger Cope, her cousin, who ignores his title and calls himself "Roger," comes to pose to her, and when refused, tells her that she is not the daughter of Lady Cope at all, and, as the dead woman left no will, the property belongs to himself as next-of-kin.

CHAPTER VII.

I Arrive at a Momentous Decision. "I can understand well enough," I exclaimed, bitterly, "why you should have wished to marry me if I had been the heiress that people have thought me. But why do you want me now?"

Roger waved his hand towards a great mirror that went from floor to ceiling, on the wall of the "Indian boudoir."

"Look at yourself," he said.

Mechanically, hardly knowing what I did, I looked. Never before had I been critical of myself. But now I gazed searchingly at my own face—the one fortune that was left me.

I was beautiful. Even I, could see that. As I grew older, my hair might change its young gold for autumn brown; but it was yellow as ripe wheat now, brown only in the shadows, where the waves curved inward. And my eyes were big, and dark, and soft. Suddenly, I felt very sorry for myself, because I was so pretty, and only eighteen; because I seemed to have left youth and happiness forever behind me, and there was no one whom I loved or had a claim upon to put kind arms round me, and let me cry my heart out on a sympathetic breast.

Tears sprang to my eyes, but I crushed them back. Roger Cope should not see me cry.

"I want you because you are the prettiest girl, and some day will be the most beautiful woman, on earth," cried Roger, speaking more warmly and impulsively than I had ever heard him speak. "I want you, too, because you are hard to win; and I have always liked overcoming difficulties. Sooner or later, I warn you, Sheila, I will overcome this one, and you with it. I will! You might as well yield to the inevitable now."

"It isn't inevitable. And I won't yield," I stoutly maintained. "You haven't proved any of your statements yet."

"I will, soon enough; or, rather, I can. But if you will promise to marry me, sweet, no one need ever know. You will marry as Miss Sheila Cope of Arrish Mell Court; and I will come here to live, as your husband—"

"You will come here to live, it may be, but not as my husband," I cut him short. "I shall have gone away before that."

"Where would you go?" Roger asked, curiously, almost incredulously.

"The world's a big place," I retorted, my voice quivering with the sobs that would not quite be kept back. One tore its way up from my heart; and, with two great tears running down my cheeks, I exclaimed: "Oh, if there were only somebody whom I belonged to!"

Roger took a step forward, and put out his hand, but I pushed it from me; and his blue eyes flashed their resentment. "I believe," he said, quietly, in the drawl which had so often stung me to impatience, "that there are several persons with whom you are entitled to claim kinship, if you choose."

I dashed my tears away, and gazed at him eagerly. "Tell me—tell me!" I cried. "How was it that my mother—that Lady Cope took me as her own child?"

"She was very unhappy at the time. Five years before she had lost her little son, whom she and her husband both adored. He died in most tragic circumstances, which changed his mother's whole nature. Sir Vincent and Aunt Ermyntrude went abroad. There Sir Vincent died also, and poor Aunt Ermyntrude came back—not to her old home, but to London. She undertook various charitable works, and it was while she was giving up her life to the interests of others that she met your mother."

"My mother!" I echoed, in a whisper. For a moment I was powerless to ask more; but Roger went on, without waiting for my questions.

"Your mother was also a widow, and very poor. You were her only child, but she had been ill, among other misfortunes, and was hardly able to provide for you. Aunt Ermyntrude saw you—a pretty little thing a few months of age; and, taking a great fancy to you, in her loneliness, offered to adopt you as her own. Your mother finally consented, and as Aunt Ermyntrude had been living abroad for several years with her husband, and her presence in London had been known to none, nobody was particularly surprised when she came home at last with

when he arrived, but burst at once into the subject weighing on my heart. "Mr. Westerley," I asked, abruptly, "is it true that—Lady Cope adopted me when I was a baby—that I was not her own child?"

The wrinkled old face, with its long, narrow oval, and its high forehead, thatched with white hair, flushed deeply, and looked more startled than ever. "Who—who told you this?" the vicar questioned, with an exaggeration of his usual stammer.

"Sir Roger Cope," I answered. "He said that you, too, knew the story—only you and he in the world now since my—since Lady Cope is dead. I wouldn't believe it until I had seen you. But now I know—just from your face, even before you speak—that it's true."

"My poor child! It is indeed true. But I had hoped—I knew that Lady Cope had not wished you ever to be told that you were not her daughter by birth, as you were in heart."

We had both been standing up. In my impatience I had not given him the chance of sitting down; but now I sank upon a sofa and covered my face with my hands. The vicar sat beside me, and laid his hand on my head.

"Don't take it so hardly, my dear," he said. "She loved you and you loved her. That is the principal thing. I don't know why it was necessary for you to be told, though Sir Roger, no doubt, did what he thought was his duty. But at all events, no one else need know. Nothing need be changed."

"Everything is changed," I exclaimed. "Because everything that I thought was mine is Roger Cope's."

Mr. Westerley sprang to his feet with an ejaculation of amazement or incredulity. "No!" he said. "No; that cannot be. Lady Cope was too just, too loving a woman, strange as were some of her ideas. She brought you up to know the secret also."

"He does," Roger answered, gravely. "And you shall see him. I understand what is in your mind. You believe that I am deceiving you. Well, it is natural, perhaps—though it's hard to be misjudged by the woman one loves. In the mouths of two witnesses, it is said, a truth shall be established; and the sooner you hear what Mr. Westerley can add to my statement, the better I shall be pleased. Not—I wouldn't have you think that for a moment—not that I'm not only too glad to have you stay here as long as you will, even if we are to be nothing to each other."

"I will send a carriage down to Lull, and ask Mr. Westerley to come out at once," I cried; then bit my lip. The carriages were Roger's. But I let it pass. Until I was sure I would grant myself some privileges, with the benefit of the doubt.

Roger rang the bell, and then came back to me. From his pocket he took a sealed envelope. "The address you wanted," he explained. "I will go and leave you alone now. I can see that you would prefer that. After Mr. Westerley has been with you, and gone away again, you shall have a little time to think. Then I will come back, and you shall tell me what decision you have reached. It may be that you will look upon matters with a different eye. At events, remember that while you have me, you are not friendless."

If only I were not a miserable bachelor, my child, you'd not be at a loss for a home," said the kind old man. "Even as it is, I wonder if something couldn't be arranged. It's unbearable to think of you alone in the world. But, thank goodness, it hasn't come to that yet. Sir Roger Cope is human. I have always, until now, supposed him a singularly high-minded young man. He will tell you to look upon this house as yours since he can't possibly want it."

"I think he does want it," I cut him short. "And anyway, it would never be home to me again—not for a day. It seems, too, that I'm not alone in the world. Roger says my mother is alive and he knows where I can find her. I shall go to her, Mr. Westerley."

The vicar's face changed. "I—er—silly, my child," he faltered. "I should—should do nothing rash if I were you. Better think it over; talk with Sir Roger. Or let me talk with him if you prefer. Yes, that is better. I'll see him, and—"

I could hardly wait to answer his questions as to my health and spirits

"Thank you, dear Mr. Westerley. He's at the inn, at Lull," I said.

A sudden resolution had come to me. There was no use in arguing with this dear old man, who would never either see things as I did, nor make me see them with his eyes. I would let him go now that he had confirmed Roger's statement. And—when I was alone I would make up my mind.

"Shall I go and find Sir Roger now?" he suggested, with subdued eagerness.

I saw, or thought I saw, that he knew something concerning which he feared questions—something which he did not wish to tell.

"Yes. It is kind of you," I replied. "You have told me that the thing is true, and now—it will be better for me to be alone and think it all over. But is there another mystery, another secret about my real mother? Why would it be 'rash' to go to her?"

"Oh!" and Mr. Westerley evaded my searching eyes. "You can't tell how she may be situated now; that's all—of course, that's all. There's no mystery. No secret except that which unfor-

which Sir Roger has told you. I'll go to him, my dear, I'll go to him. And later I'll come back to tell you the result of our conversation."

In spite of his sympathy and kindness he was glad to get away, glad to escape from me. I saw that, and it made me think. But I troubled him with no more questions. If there were a secret I should soon, perhaps, find it out, for I had made up my mind to a very bold step.

Mr. Westerley patted my hand, reassuring me futily, as best he could; and I bade him good-bye. Yet he suspected nothing.

When he had gone I repeated the word with a sob. "Good-bye, dear, sweet old home that I have loved," I said with wet, wide eyes that took in every familiar detail of the room.

"Good-bye, everything that has been dear. You aren't for me any more." Then the tears which had been held back for so long splashed down. I broke open the envelope which Roger had given me and could scarcely see what he had written. There was more than an address; there was a letter offering me a regular allowance, which I at once resolved to reject. My mother's name I found was Mrs. Newlyn, and she lived at 35 Easel street, Commercial road, Peckham.

Having read the letter I wrote a short note to Mr. Westerley, another to Roger Cope. In both of these I said much the same thing, though I said it in very different ways.

I told the two men—the old friend of my childhood, and the cousin who was a cousin no more—that I had decided to leave Arrish Mell at once. Delay would only be painful. I was going to my mother, and would stay with her if she would keep me, though I intended to find work and not be a burden upon her. In any case a letter would reach me if sent to her address. I ended my note to the vicar with grateful, affectionate words; Roger's closed stiffly and abruptly, for I could not make it otherwise.

When I had finished, the hardest part of what I had to do was still to come. I had to tell the news to the servants, who had been at Arrish Mell Court for so many years that they had become old friends.

It was hard for the loving, simple hearts to understand that I was actually saying good-bye. But they realized it at last; and Evans sorrowfully promised that when Mr. Westerley and Sir Roger Cope should call after I had gone, he would hand them the notes I had written.

There was no time to be lost if I would be away before either the vicar or Sir Roger Cope arrived. In the confusion of my mind at first I had not remembered the present need of money. But suddenly I flushed and quivered, with a humiliating thought.

"Oh, Swift," I cried, "bring me the green purse that you put away when we came back from town."

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CHAPTER VIII.

What I Found at the End of the Journey.

The purse I had desired Swift to bring me was the one which had been in my charge on the night of terror and disaster—the purse that had been rescued for me by a man whose face I had seen once or twice in my dreams since then.

On that night it had held a considerable sum, but the money was all or nearly all gone now. There had been frequent calls upon it during the last day or two at the hotel, and though I had supposed then that I should have plenty of my own by and by, I had not cared to apply to Roger while there remained a fund that I could draw upon instead.

My hand trembled when Swift gave me the purse. She had been away in the next room longer than necessary it seemed, and I had been desperately impatient to know my fate. I was almost sure that, at most, there would be left me no more than twenty or thirty shillings, but what was my surprise when I saw seven bright gold sovereigns.

"Oh, I am so thankful!" I exclaimed. "This will last me a long time." Then, even as I spoke, a torrent of blood rushed up to my face. "Swift, how could you do it?" I said. "Don't you think I understand?"

"There's nothing to understand, miss," she returned, stolidly. "I'm sure I can't guess what you mean."

"This is your money. You put it into the purse, knowing or suspecting that I would have nothing besides. It was very good, and I thank you; but I can't take it. Tell me how much is yours, Swift, and how much was really there."

"Oh, miss, as if I would have dared!" she asseverated. "If there's more in the purse than you expected, why, begging your pardon, it's because of your careless way. You didn't know what you had."

"No, but I'm sure—"

"Do forgive me interrupting, dear miss," broke in Swift. "But it's too bad for you making out I'd have touched your purse—her ladyship's own purse it was, too. It's as much as to say I'm well, I won't go on, miss, if you look like that. But do tell me you don't believe I would have done it. Now, miss," she hurried on, before I could do more than look what I felt, "I must be hurrying to get ready, too, if you can spare me."

"Ready for—what?" I echoed.

"Why, to go with you, to be sure."

"I thought you understood," I said, sadly. "I can't take you. I must go alone."

She burst out crying. "Oh, miss, that's the last straw! I must go with you. I would be wicked to stand by and let you go out in the world alone just like a little white lamb in its ignorance straying into the butcher's hands."

"I am going to—my mother," I answered, choking a little. "She—isn't very rich, and—and I fancy she must live in a small house. She would not know what to do with a maid, and—besides, I couldn't pay you."

"I wouldn't want a penny, miss, and I'd be a 'general' sooner than leave you," persisted Swift, almost fiercely. I didn't know what she meant by a 'general,' associating that name only with high officers of the army, but I appreciated her intention. We were miserable together; and when I went down to the carriage, there were all the others in the hall, not a dry eye among them. Somehow, I got through the good-byes, and took one last, long, yearning look at the old house as I and my luggage were driven away.

I left Lull at two o'clock in the afternoon. Three hours later I arrived at Waterloo Station. My thoughts had been so busy that the journey had not seemed long. Indeed, I had almost dreaded the end, because of the necessity for action it would entail; and besides, I had begun half to repeat my rashness in flinging myself upon the world before I was absolutely certain that I could have my mother's protection. When she had been at a distance, I had looked upon her as a sure refuge. Roger had given me her address, and had said positively that she was to be found there. I was, her daughter, and it had seemed natural that when the floods of disaster had swept me off my feet, I should try to grasp her hand.

Easel street, Commercial road, meant nothing definite to me. I vaguely thought of Peckham as a suburb, and I had some dim picture in my mind of a neat little ivy-draped brick house in a small garden, such as I had often seen in the village of Lull.

The London I had known best was the region of parks, big, splendid houses, and smart shops. I was not foolish enough to suppose that my mother, who had been described as poor, had her home in such a neighborhood as that, but as I was driven through street after street, even meaner and more squalid than the ones I had seen on the night I followed Lady

Swift, I had no definite idea of what I found at the end of the journey.

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Cope from the Lyceum Theater, I grew sad and amazed. Was it possible that, while all my life I had lived among beautiful things, the woman who had brought me into the world had been here?

At last we turned into a narrow street, lined on either side with little gray houses, all exactly alike. It was as if a wall of dirty brick stretched along, with low doors and windows cut into it at intervals; for there was no separation between the houses.

Each hovel had a door of its own, with a window on the ground floor; and above, two more windows. On the broken pavement, or in the gutters, ragged children swarmed; dwarfish girls carrying big-headed, squalling babies almost as large as themselves; toddling boys, with red-rimmed eyes and grimy faces. The babies all seemed to be crying; their young nurses shrilly bidding them be still, or exhorting the boys who shouted over their games to come home at once if they did not wish various horrible consequences to befall them.

It was a dreadful street; the worst I had ever seen, and I wished that my driver would make haste in passing through. But, to my surprised alarm, he stopped, drawing up the cab at the pavement. "He is going to enquire the way," I thought. Yet no; he was clambering slowly off the box. I looked out. We were exactly in front of a door cut in the long gray wall of blackened brick. Over the door was a number—35. My heart gave a leap, and I almost called out a protest. It could not be true. Any place but this.

The driver opened the cab door. "Here you are, miss; 35 Easel street," he said, seeing that I sat still.

"Oh, it can't be the right Easel street!" I exclaimed, tremulously.

"Easel street, Commercial road. There ain't no other of the same name, miss. Shall I knock?"

"If you please," I meekly answered. "And—don't take down the luggage yet. I'll wait and see if—it—" My voice died. I did not finish the sentence.

There was no bell on the door, which stood ajar. The cabman knocked loudly. From the two upper windows the frowns heads of several children and a bold-looking young woman appeared. They stared with open-mouthed curiosity at me and the four smart new boxes heaped on the four-wheeler. I shrank back, and wound my fingers nervously together.

"What d'you want?" shrilly demanded the woman. "Miggits or Newlyn?"

I drew my breath in sharply. My mother's name! There was no mistake, then. The cabman turned questioningly to me, and I realized that I must answer. "I want Mrs. Newlyn," I reluctantly thrust out my head to explain.

"Owch!" returned the dweller on the upper floor. "I'm Miggits. Newlyn's the ground floor."

As my informant partially withdrew, a girl's face showed itself in the crack of the door; then the door was thrown wide open. She was about fifteen, with pale unwholesome skin, a pert nose, and an aggressive fringe of drab-colored hair. She fixed a pair of light blue eyes upon me, and slowly I descended from the cab, which seemed the only link left between me and familiar decencies of civilization.

"Is Mrs. Newlyn at home?" I enquired, in a voice which did not sound like mine, so dull and toneless was it.

"Yes, ma's 'ome." (I started.) "D'y'e want to see 'er?"

"If you please. May I—may I walk in?" Already half the swarming population of Easel street had come to its doors and windows to enjoy the sight—such as it was.

I felt curiously giddy. The suggestion in one of the first three words this girl had spoken had caught me by the heart. I entered the narrow passage, having again bidden the cabman wait; and the close odor of the house added to my faintness. A door a few feet down the passage was opened, and I had a dim impression that my companion was bidding me follow her into a room beyond. I obeyed, and then almost recollect as I passed the threshold.

The room could not have been more than twelve feet square. The boards of the floor were uncovered, and not too clean; the low ceiling was blackened with smoke, and the wall, destitute of paper, was decorated with a few glaring, unframed chromo-lithographs, held in place with pins.

In one corner was a tumbled bed, covered, pillows and all, with a dark calico quilt. There was one unclotted deal table, spread with a few common dishes and a tin or two; there were three or four rough wooden chairs; a big box, heaped with a strange medley of cooking utensils and women's outdoor wraps; a mantelshelf, littered with odds and ends; and a kitchen range, into which a woman, with her back turned to me, was throwing a few coals from a battered shovel.

"May, 'ere's a lydy to see you," brusquely announced my guide. The woman turned, shovel in hand. My eyes sought her face wistfully, imploringly, for the one gleam of hope left. But the last flicker died as our eyes met. No subtle voice of nature cried out in my heart: "This is your mother; you are of one flesh and blood." She was a tall, thin woman, who might once have been pretty, even ladylike-looking in better days, but there was hardly a vestige of past beauty remaining, though in years she was not really old. Her scanty, grizzled hair was pulled carelessly back from a lined forehead. Her small mouth had a fretful drop; slightly open, in surprise at sight of the visitor, it showed that one front tooth was gone. The cheeks were hollowed in, the well-cut nose sharpened, the complexion of the uniform, faded gray most fashionable in Easel street among those who were not overflord. She wore a rusty black dress, and a colored cotton handkerchief was tied round the thin throat instead of a collar.

"Is—is it possible that this is my sister?" I forced myself to ask.

"Your half-sister," was the quick reply, as if there were relief in responding to definite questions. "After Lady Cope adopted you—it was hard enough to part with my only one, I can tell you, my dear, but what was I to do?—after she took you away I married again. 'Twas the only thing to do, for I wasn't the sort of woman to be left alone. I had two girls by my second husband, a very different sort of man from your father. I thought, though he was but a rough fellow compared to him, he'd be a protector. But 'twasn't long before I found out it was the money Lady Cope gave me when she took you."

Still she stared at me, with little, if any, awakening comprehension in her eyes. I blundered desperately on.

"Perhaps, if you don't know what I mean it may be a mistake after all. But Lady Cope is dead. I was brought up to believe her my mother, and now—"

Suddenly the woman's pale face changed and reddened with a vivid flush. The small fire-shovel she had been grasping slid out of her hand and fell to the floor with a metallic crash.

"My goodness, gracious me!" she ejaculated, with a gasp. "It's Jenny."

A faint shiver ran through me. I was not even "Sheila" any more. I was Jenny."

"I heard to-day that—that—" I faltered.

I could not go on. But she took up the words with a shy, awkward sort of eagerness, as if she were half-afraid of me; while the girl stood by, wide-eyed and dumb in bewilderment. "Did they tell you the whole story? Did they tell you who I was, and all?"

"Sir Roger Cope told me that you were my mother," I said, dully.

"Well, I never. He told you that!"

After Lady Cope making me swear I'd never breathe a word to a soul so long as I lived."

"Oh, ma, it ain't true, is it?" cried the girl. "She ain't my sister?"

"Hold your tongue and mind your own business," was the sharp answer; and I felt, rather than saw, the flounce of her poor skirts and the toss of her tousled head that the girl gave.

The woman looked keenly at me, her face still flushed and excited, half-suspicious; but she did not take a step nearer.

"I don't think Lady Cope meant me to be told," I answered, choking back a sob. "But Roger knew from the first. Moth—Lady Cope only died a few days ago, though it seems a long time."

"You heard to-day, and you came straight here to see me," said my newly-found mother, reflectively. "Well, that was very good of you, my dear, that it was. I only wish I had a better house for you to come to. But I haven't had any luck. Totsey, get the young lady a chair. Dear me, I wonder now if you'd let me make you a cup of tea?"

She still spoke to me as to a stranger of another class from hers, a visitor who must be entertained. She was nervous, and suddenly she became a pathetic figure in my eyes, though I had no stirrings of love. Perhaps this was unnatural, hard-hearted. I can help that, for I must paint the picture truly.

I could have screamed or broken into hysterics as Totsey rather sullenly placed a chair for me; but I almost fell into it.

"Is—is it possible that this is my sister?" I forced myself to ask.

"Your half-sister," was the quick reply, as if there were relief in responding to definite questions. "After Lady Cope adopted you—it was hard enough to part with my only one, I can tell you, my dear, but what was I to do?—after she took you away I married again. 'Twas the only thing to do, for I wasn't the sort of woman to be left alone. I had two girls by my second husband, a very different sort of man from your father. I thought, though he was but a rough fellow compared to him, he'd be a protector. But 'twasn't long before I found out it was the money he gave me when she took you."

So I had been sold for a price! was the thought that darted through my mind. But I was silent, listening.

As she went on there was a loud noise in the passage outside the door.

The handle turned. I started and turned round. What was to come now?

(To be continued.)

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Curious Bits of News.

That the German authorities in Samoa are determined to thoroughly Germanize that country is shown by the fact that the English missionaries in the islands have now been ordered to instruct their pupils and adherents in the Teuton tongue. American and Chilean dollars, as well as British coins, are also to make way for German money, and apparently Samoa will presently become as purely a German colony as New Caledonia is French.

* * *

The latest in 'yells,' says the Kansas City "Journal," is that of the convicts on their way from the jail in the county in which they were sentenced to the penitentiary. A gang of fifteen of them from Buchanan County, the sheriff's 'guests' on a special car, gave vent to this yell at each railway station they passed between St. Joseph and Jefferson City a few days ago: "Two years—five years—we will stay; didn't like St. Joe anyway!" *

The subject of a tunnel connecting Ireland and Scotland has been brought before the British Government, and the project will be pushed if the requisite financial support can be obtained. The estimated cost is \$50,000,000. The route provisionally selected is from Stranraer in Scotland to Belfast in Ireland. The total distance is 51 1/2 miles, of which 34 1/2 miles would be tunnel, and 25 miles of the tunnel would be under the sea, along a line where the maximum depth is 480 feet. Electric motors would be used to drive the trains at an average speed of 60 to 70 miles per hour.

* * *

Susie E. Jenkins, twenty years old, of Philadelphia, says: "I have seen nearly all the funny shows that have come to Philadelphia in recent years, and not one of them could make me laugh. My mother has often tried to make me laugh by tickling me, but even that won't work. Ever since I can remember people have been telling me funny stories and cutting up all sorts of capers in the hope that I could be induced to smile; but all their efforts have been in vain. No; I have never consulted a doctor about it, for I have always enjoyed perfect health. I want to exhibit myself in public, and offer a prize to anyone who can make me laugh. It must be a queer sensation."

* * *

It has been recently asserted that mosquitoes are strongly attracted by certain sounds. This is confirmed by Sir Hiram Maxim, who in a letter to the London "Times" states that one of the electric lamps which he put up at Saratoga Springs, N.Y., in 1878, emitted a musical note; or rather the note proceeded from the box containing the dynamo-machine under the lamp. One evening while examining the lamp he found that everything in the immediate vicinity was covered with small insects. They did not appear to be attempting to get into the globe, but into the box that was giving out the musical note. A close examination of these insects showed that they were all male mosquitoes. Although there were certainly two hundred times as many female mosquitoes on the ground as males, not a single female mosquito was found to have been attracted in the least by the sound."

* * *

Carling's Porter is not a cure-all—it is not a remedy for all the ills that befall mankind.

* * *

But if any porter will do you good, Carling's will do you more good than any other. Physicians who know order Carling's Porter as a tonic in preference to any other.

* * *

Carling's Porter is guaranteed pure, sound and thoroughly aged. Your dealer sells it.

* * *

The Canadian Product which Wins Much Fame at the Great Exposition of 1900.

Though not Entered as an Exhibit Dodd's Kidney Pills Contained their Victories Among the Visitors to the Gay Capital—Returned Canadian Commissioner Tells Personal Experience.

Toronto, Dec. 2.—(Special)—Mr. J. G. Jardine, one of Canada's Commissioners to the Paris Exposition, has returned to his home at 305 Crawford street, this city, and is full of interesting stories of his experience during his stay in France.

He was impressed with the superiority of things Canadian when seen alongside the products of the world. Everything from Canada was "genuinely good," and while in some cases other exhibits might be more "showy," none were more worthy.

Mr. Jardine returns, if possible, a more enthusiastic Canadian, and this is in part at least due to the fact that while in Paris he was very much benefited by the use of that great Canadian tonic, Dodd's Kidney Pills. His work was very trying and made great demands on his health and strength, but he was more worthy.

During my stay in Paris I found Dodd's Kidney Pills invaluable, relieving Backache instantly, and toning up my system generally.

Even in medical lines Canadians abroad have no reason to be ashamed of their country, for no remedy in the world has ever been so quickly recognized and given a foremost place among known curatives as Dodd's Kidney Pills wherever introduced.

The experience of Mr. Jardine with Dodd's Kidney Pills in Paris, the home of some of the greatest medical scientists, is significant.

He was not alone in his enjoyment of the benefits of this great tonic, for many other of his acquaintances were using the same medicine, among them the Secretary to the Canadian Commission, Mr. Aug. Dupuis, who is an enthusiastic believer in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

* * *

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Survey



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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The Drama.

"It never rains but it pours" is a platitude as true as a trite. In the dramatic entertainments provided for the theater-going public of Toronto one often sees a queer working out of the principle—if it can be called a principle—of the coincidental association of similar occurrences. If there is musical comedy at the Princess, like enough there is musical comedy at the Grand. If realism, rampant and red, lights up the boards of one theater, nine chances in ten the habitué of the playhouses turns with jaded palate to similar fare on the other bills. Week before last I remarked on the fact that Irish dialect was running in one house, with Scotch dialect as a rival in another. This week we have the romantic drama at both the Princess and the Grand, and in each case it is romantic drama derived from the novel.

Harriet Ford's dramatization of Stanley Weyman's romance, "A Gentleman of France," has the common defect of dramatizations of books—that it does not present a clear, consecutive development of plot to the auditor who has not already read the story. Too much is assumed at the outset. In the delightful play enacted by Mr. Kyrie Bellew and his efficient company at the Princess, despite the intense interest wrought up by the adventures of Gaston de Marsac and his romantic love affair with Mademoiselle de la Vire, there are moments when the audience feels that the action flags or becomes obscured. Take, for instance, the introduction of King Henry III, in the sixth scene, when he comes to the lodgings of de Marsac and party. It is utterly impossible, I submit, for anyone who has not read Mr. Weyman's book, to understand the motive that prompts this visit. The passage is obscure, and consequently the interest that so important a step in the plot should arouse is lost amid speculation as to what it can all mean. In like manner, if in less degree, the motives actuating Henry of Navarre, M. de Brühl, the Baron de Rosny, and even de Marsac and Mlle. de la Vire themselves, are at times woefully clouded. An action without a motive as its key is of no interest. It is time for theater-goers to protest, if the simple delights of the playhouse are to be for those only who have time and inclination to swim with the ever-increasing flood of transient, and mayhap trashy, fiction. Yet if the theater continues to purvey dramatizations of popular novels at the rate it is now doing, this will soon come to pass. The play written as a play, if devoid of other virtues, is nearly always clear and can be enjoyed for all it is worth. The play written from the novel is nearly always obscure and cannot be enjoyed for all it is worth—which of course may be much or little—except by those who have had the fortune or the fortitude to first make themselves acquainted with the book.

Aside from this single defect, the performance of A Gentleman of France is thoroughly delightful—one of the treats of this season in the Drama. Mr. Bellew has the full physical and artistic equipment for such a role as the adventurous, cool-headed, yet hot-blooded, loving and lovable gentleman of fortune—half knight-errant of the middle age, half soldier of the modern. His voice, while neither so rich nor so resonant as the voices of most successful actors of his age, is full of an intense, subdued ardor, which compels by no means ill with the restraint and dignity of his acting, even in the more strenuous passages. I do not know how it may be, but in this role he gave me the impression of constantly holding himself in check. The effect of this was of course to intensify the meaning of every syllable and gesture. Few actors could impersonate Gaston de Marsac without being tempted to strut or fume. Mr. Bellew may have been so tempted; his virtue is in having not yielded.

The supporting company, on the whole, is very good. Miss Eleanor Robson acts at times in rare good taste, and with a dainty girlishness that is most winsome. But her style is somewhat monotonous, and tends to grow insipid if one gets much of her at a time. Together with a frail physique, Miss Robson has a curiously sensitive and girlish countenance for an actress—not at all a "professional" face. I should say. In a sense she is beautiful. Looked at without opera glasses, she is not attractive; looked at through the glasses her features are discovered to be a wonderfully mobile and expressive combination. Edgar Selwyn as Simon Flixi, de Marsac's body servant, faithful as a dog but cowardly as a rabbit, does some exceptionally clever work. So, in the only other comedy part, does Ada Dwyer as Fanchette, Mlle. de la Vire's maid. In the remainder of the cast there is no one specially worthy of note, though all are good. The play is beautifully mounted.



MR. BELLEV AS DE MARSAC.

constantly holding himself in check. The effect of this was of course to intensify the meaning of every syllable and gesture. Few actors could impersonate Gaston de Marsac without being tempted to strut or fume. Mr. Bellew may have been so tempted; his virtue is in having not yielded.



MISS ELEANOR ROBSON.

Costumes and scenery are both of the most costly description.

The fighting episode in the fifth scene, where de Marsac batters in the door of the room where Mlle. de la Vire is imprisoned, and turns to fight, single-handed, from his vantage point at the stair-head, a whole company of swordsmen, is one of the most terrific ever enacted on the stage. De Marsac is like a stag brought to bay by a pack of wolves. Attacked from every side, he hurls his enemies back on one, dead or dying. At last all are disposed of save Fresnoy. The courtyard and stairway are littered with bodies; and back and forth over these de Marsac and Fresnoy advance or retreat in desperate combat with their swords. At the top of the stairs, by the battered-in door, the woman for whom all this blood has been spilt watches in mingled horror and admiration the fearful thrusting of the blades. A sigh of real relief involuntarily escapes from the audience when the hero, spent and panting, overcomes his foe and stands victorious over all odds. It is a thrilling scene, enacted with the utmost spirit and realism.

Prince Otto, produced at the Grand, with Mr. Harry Glazier in the title role, is a very different play indeed from A Gentleman of France, and yet not without points of resemblance. Otis Skinner's dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's thrilling novel is not new to Torontonians, however, and therefore requires little comment, further than to say that Mr. Glazier and company give it a satisfactory interpretation, worthy of better support than they have received from the public in this city. The production is expensive and the company large and capable. Mr. Glazier is a romantic actor of no mean parts, and may be expected to do something noteworthy in his future career.

Anyone who visited Shea's this week received a treat in the singing of Eugene Cowles. Mr. Cowles is certainly the best vaudeville attraction ever brought here, and we are indebted to Mr. Shea's enterprise for securing this famous basso and giving Torontonians a chance to hear him again. The bill all through was exceptional, save the first act. This act was billed as a "roaring comedy skit," and the "roaring" was certainly in evidence, but the comedy failed to appear. For pure idiocy and inane farcical horse-play this skit beats anything that ever came down the pike, and a pantomime act should have been put on after it to give people's ears a rest. The Three Westons will always be popular here. Their musical act is refined and clever, and always has new features. Hal Stephens' artistic imitations are the best in that line ever seen here. Smith and Campbell, in their talking act, scored a hit, as did Stella Lee in her buck and reel dancing. The Awakening of Pipp, as presented by Charley Grapewin & Co., was very laughable and presented the after-effects of a night "out" in a very amusing way. The Polos in an acrobatic turn wound up the bill.

An amateur dramatic organization that is attracting considerable attention is that in connection with St. John's Musical and Literary Association. When the dramatic section was re-formed this fall, it included several people who had been favorably known in connection with the College of Music. Mr. L. L. Antes, who has undertaken the direction of the company, is a former pupil of the College of Music. So are Miss Mabel Dalby, Mr. Ivan Wright, Miss Ethel Schofield, Mr. Grant Gordon. The other members are doing new work, but in conjunction with the more experienced members are getting up plays in a manner that is making the schoolhouse of St. John's, Portland street, one of the pleasantest places in which to spend an evening, when a play is to be put on. Mr. Antes has been most successful in his efforts as director, having an intimate and practical working knowledge of what is required in the staging of a play. The many little points that have to be noted in the individuality of each person taking part receive an attention that raises anything yet produced by the company above the rank of what is usually classed as amateur.

That frisky damsel, Mam'selle 'Awkins, is again on her travels through the country under the chaperonage of George R. White. She is accompanied by a lively company of fifty friends who promise to do all in their power to amuse the patrons of the Grand Opera House next week. Miss Delia Stacey as Mam'selle 'Awkins has a part that fits her like a glove, and her genial and pleasant ways keep the audience in good humor from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Her work in Mam'selle 'Awkins, it is said, is even superior to her clever portrayal of the parts in The Bachelor's Honey-moon and The Burgomaster. Her songs, "It's a 'andy thing to 'ave around the 'ouse," "The pet of the family," and "Everybody wondered how he knew," are "hits" always. Among the supporting company, Harry W. Wilson, J. J. Cluxton, J. P. Sullivan, Eddie Smith and Max Rossi, a collection of clever comedians. From all indications, Mam'selle 'Awkins will have a pleasant and prosperous trip.

Many society women have taken to the stage, but one of the most successful is Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, who will appear at Shea's Theater next week. Mrs. Bloodgood is renowned as a beauty, and in addition has a voice equalled



MISS DELIA STACEY.

are Harry W. Wilson, J. J. Cluxton, J. P. Sullivan, Eddie Smith and Max Rossi, a collection of clever comedians. From all indications, Mam'selle 'Awkins will have a pleasant and prosperous trip.

When the College team first talked of getting Gleason out for the championship game, along with others who thought they knew I expressed doubts as to his being of any material assistance to the team. I take it all back and will say that he did more to make the Ottawa College fifteen a team than any man in the country could have done—King Clancy and Father Fallon not excepted.

The Argonauts deserve all kinds of credit for the way in which they have fought their way from the position of tail-enders into the champion class. The same spirit which

by very few singers of the day. A leader of the smart set in Brooklyn, she created a sensation a few months ago when the announcement was made that she would go on the vaudeville stage. In every city where she has appeared her spare time has been wholly occupied with social duties, and from the number of box parties booked at the theater next week it is evident that Toronto will receive her with open arms. Al Leech and The Rosebuds will be seen in a new act which is said to be more laughable than anything Mr. Leech has heretofore attempted. Al Shean and Charles L. Warren will also add comedy to the bill. They will be seen in Quo Vadis Upside Down, a merrymaker of the first order, and something entirely new to the stage. Hal Davis and Ethel Barrington will present a sketch entitled One Christmas Eve, by Will M. Cressy. All of Mr. Cressy's efforts at sketch-writing have proved immensely successful, and Mr. Davis and Miss Barrington have the ability to get every laugh there is in the lines. The Panter Trio, acrobats and contortionists; Elseeta, the toe-dancing marvel; Sidney Grant in monologue; Mlle. Chester's ten thousand dollar statue dog, which is pure white and stands so rigidly that he appears to be carved from marble, will also be features of the week.

The last number of the "Boston University Beacon," in an account of an entertainment in behalf of the Old English Library Fund, had the following paragraph concerning an elocutionist well known to Toronto people, socially and professionally: "In regard to the reader, we can only say that Dr. Black evidently has a rival in our affections at last, and in his own household, for Mrs. Charlton Black (Agnes Knox) won the hearts of her audience in quite an unmistakable way. Whether in her interpretation of Ruskin and Tennyson or of Maclaren and Jerome, one could not fail to feel a fine and true appreciation of the literary motive, a sincerity and power of treatment. There was nothing which impressed one as the artifice of the reader; the author's self seemed to speak and his personality to come near to us. We all know when an elocutionist simply intrudes his or her personality between the master and the audience, while there is no deeper pleasure than to feel an art which is genuinely interpretative. To say that one could feel in Mrs. Black's selections something of Shelley's buoyant ardor, the splendid and impetuous eloquence of Ruskin, the brooding imagination of Wordsworth, the loveliness and anguish of Keats, the beauty and human pathos of Tennyson, is praise enough. Every lover of noble English literature will be grateful with us, to Mrs. Black, for the rare enjoyment which she gave us all. We shall not soon forget that afternoon spent in the larger and diviner air of the masters."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is, beyond question or dispute, the greatest of English-speaking actresses. She is manageress of the Royal Theater, London, and the idol of the London public. She is the creator of the two greatest of all the Pinner roles. The Second Mrs. Tanqueray and The Notorious Mrs. Ebbesmith, and in either no other actress has ever approached her marvelous work. She has no rival as Magda, unless it be Madame Duse, certainly none among English-speaking actresses. It is interesting to note the fact that in Chicago on her opening night, her initial appearance in this country, she will appear as Magda, and so will she on her opening night in New York city, which will occur January 13th, and at the Theater Republic. Her opening date for Chicago is December 30th, the house chosen being the Grand Opera House. Mrs. Campbell's American tour will in all probability include only the leading cities of the North and West. Mr. Sheppard of the Princess has made a liberal offer for an engagement of the English actress here, and she is to come about the end of February.

Dolly Varden, the opera by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards, which was produced here early in the season, will run for two weeks during the Christmas holidays at the Princess Theater. The great cast seen here before will be heard in the opera, and after its final engagement here Dolly Varden will go to the Herald Square Theater, New York.

That rollicking musical comedy, The Burgomaster, is to come to the Princess the week after next. The company this time will be the Western organization—that which produced it here last year having been the Eastern company. Knox Wilson will be the Doodle von Kull of the outfit, and a very funny one they say he makes.

The attraction at the Toronto Opera House next week is a detective drama, entitled From Scotland Yard, the story being founded upon incidents in the history of the famous English criminal investigation department.

Rugby.

LAST Saturday's match was the final struggle of the football man for the "center of the stage and all the limelights." In the sporting columns he is gradually being given less and less space, and when the Muock series is finished up at Varsity, the "rah-rah" boy will have to look to the hockeyist for an excuse to yell. Although sadly crippled, the Argonauts put up a great argument for the championship, and if the score looked a little one-sided it was not on account of the superiority of the College team as an organization, but was due to Eddie Gleason's ability to kick and his all-round good generalship.

When the College team first talked of getting Gleason out for the championship game, along with others who thought they knew I expressed doubts as to his being of any material assistance to the team. I take it all back and will say that he did more to make the Ottawa College fifteen a team than any man in the country could have done—King Clancy and Father Fallon not excepted.

The Argonauts deserve all kinds of credit for the way in which they have fought their way from the position of tail-enders into the champion class. The same spirit which

has made the club one of the best known and most respected aquatic organizations has evidently inspired their Rugby team and helped it in the struggles on the gridiron. The three long and tiresome trips, one to Ottawa and two to Montreal, were certainly not made with a view to amassing wealth, and the last trip to Montreal, when the team played the final game with two of their best players off, is good evidence that the team is playing the game for something better than gate receipts.

Varsity's challenge to Ottawa College will scarcely be considered by the Eastern collegians, who would have all to lose and nothing to gain by such a game.

THE REFEREE.

Notes From the Capital.

*Lord Minto's Select Dinner Parties.—Very Stately Functions
Lady Minto Helps Out in a Guessing Contest.—What
Did She Name the Doll?—A Pot-Pourri of
Society News.*

HERE have been several dinner parties at Government House during the past ten days, none of them large dinners, not more than twelve or fourteen guests at any one, but all of them marked by that particular charm which has made an invitation to dinner at Government House during the present regime to be looked upon not only as an honor, but as a pleasure. A member of the Cabinet is usually among the guests at these small dinners, and takes in the Countess of Minto, while the Cabinet Minister's wife goes in with His Excellency. Dinner is always served in the dining-room, which is sufficiently large for a party of eighteen or twenty, and is now a very handsome room, with its crimson walls done over specially for the Royal visit. The guests are asked for eight o'clock, and are usually gathered in the drawing-room at that hour. They are received by an aide-de-camp, and a few minutes later the Earl and Countess enter and make a tour of the room, shaking hands with each guest. The ladies on shaking hands make a "bob" curtsey. Then His Excellency leads the way in to dinner. The Countess of Minto is extremely fond of flowers, and her penchant shows itself in the decorations of the dinner-table, which are always of the season's choice flowers. In accordance with the sensible rules laid down during the last few years by the dictators of fashion, the menu at Government House is a short one. Everything is well cooked and well served, but there is not that wearisome succession of entrees which makes a dinner in the homes of the nouveaux riches an exhausting process to one's digestion as well as one's patience. Dinner at Government House seldom extends over an hour. On leaving the room, the ladies turn and curtsey to His Excellency, who bows pleasantly to each one in return.

Among the interesting people who have dined with the Earl and Countess lately is Colonel Evans, who was their guest on the second night after his arrival in Ottawa. Colonel Evans has been an honored guest at many functions this week, but it is safe to say that he has had more invitations than he could possibly accept.

The cards are at last out for the dance at which Mr. Arthur Guise and Captain Bell will be the hosts. It takes place in the Racquet Court on the night of December 12th. Last Tuesday night Mrs. Perley's dance came off most successfully in the Racquet Court.

A smart supper party was given last week by Mrs. St. Denis Lemoine. Suppers after the theater are a favorite amusement in Ottawa, and this one followed Mr. Reeves-Smith's clever performance, *A Brace of Partridges*, for which all that was fashionable in Ottawa was assembled in the Russell Theater. The Earl and Countess of Minto were in the vice-regal box, having Lady Ruby Elliot and Major Maude with them. Mr. Guise and Captain Bell were in the adjoining box. Most of the boxes were occupied, and the ladies in the orchestra chairs, as well as those in the boxes, wore smart evening gowns, which, owing to the pleasant temperature maintained in the Russell Theater, were not hidden by evening cloaks. There must have been fully sixty or sixty-five in the audience at the play who came later to Mrs. Lemoine's supper, which was served at small tables for four persons each. Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber will be the hostess at a similar supper on Monday night after the performance of *The Burgomaster*.

Mr. and Mrs. Fielding are still at the Russell, but expect to get into their house shortly. The Misses Fielding have returned to town, the one from Halifax, and the other, Miss Florence Fielding, from St. John, N.B., where she has spent a couple of months visiting friends. Lady Davies has given a couple of small teas lately, one of which was in honor of Miss Snowball, daughter of Hon. Senator Snowball, who is still the guest of the Misses Blair.

Miss Georgina Pope, not having received a very encouraging reply from the Militia Department in answer to the offer of the nurses to go to South Africa with the new contingent, left this week for New York, where she will do private nursing for the winter. It is probable that the Militia Department will send no nurses with the Canadians, as there are a number of English sisters still in South Africa.

The Countess of Minto honored the May Court Club by coming to their exhibition and sale of work on Wednesday afternoon, and having tea with them. That was a private day, only the club members being there to meet the Countess. On the following afternoons the exhibition and sale were open to the public. There were some very pretty bits of work shown, and the sales were good. A certain amount of the money goes to the "relief" committee of the club, and will help to brighten Christmas for the children in the hospitals and the sufferers in the Perley Home for Incurables.

Major and Mrs. Forester of Toronto, who have been in Ottawa for several weeks, owing to an illness which kept the Major a prisoner in St. Luke's Hospital, left on Saturday last for Fredericton, N.B., where they will spend the month of sick leave granted Major Forester.

A handsome doll, dressed in light blue china silk, has been shown in a shop window in Sparks street this week, and has excited a good deal of interest, especially among the children, but not only the children, but older people, are anxious to know the name of this fair lady, who carries a sealed envelope fastened to her pretty wax wrist. Her name is written on a card inside the envelope, which has a small black border and is sealed with the Minto crest. The only person in Canada who knows Dolly's name is the lady who named her and who, with her own hand, wrote the name on the card within the envelope. That is the Countess of Minto. A guess at the doll's name costs ten cents, but the ten-cent pieces are coming in fast. They go into the coffers of the St. Patrick's Orphans' Home, at whose Home next week the doll will be one of the most interesting if least animated guests. "Victoria" and "May" are the names most frequently put down by guessers, but it is hardly probable that the Countess would have given her such a likely name. The one who guesses right, the names will be put in a hat and one drawn. The doll, by the way, was dressed by a smart couturiere of Montreal by order of Mrs. M. P. Davis, and her clothes are quite worthy of her pretty face and golden curly hair.

Miss Gibbs of Port Arthur is the guest of Miss Miall, who is now living in Daly avenue. A girls' tea was given for Miss Gibbs on Friday last by her cousins, the Misses Gibbs of Maclaren street.

Miss Gregor of Quebec is visiting the Misses Keefer at Rockliffe, and was among the guests at a tea given by Miss Sweetland on Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott left yesterday for a visit to New York, where they will stop at the Waldorf. Miss Agnes Davis went down with them, and will be the guest of Mrs. Sheehan.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

A Tour of the Churches

No. 3.

How the Casual Visitor Is Impressed

"DON."

Prof. H. J. Cody.

A WEEK ago last Sunday night was chill and wet, and the church-goers seemed nowhere to develop into a crowd. Shivering shapes beneath dripping umbrellas suggested poor material for a congregation, for when one is cold and uncertain about damp feet, responsiveness, which is such an aid to a preacher, is apt to be lacking. Half-hidden by creeping vines, St. Paul's Church in Bloor street, before it was enlarged, was without doubt one of the prettiest specimens of Gothic architecture in the city, but bare, in the drizzle of a November night, it was scarcely inviting. It was but a plain interior I saw when I settled myself down without any noticeable sense of comfort in an unushomed seat to hear a young preacher of whom I had heard much. The night was not such as would invite to church-going the fashionable people, and St. Paul's, I imagine, is by no means what would be called a fashionable church. The congregation was composed largely of people under middle age, their faces clear-cut and expectant, and justifying the reputation which the rector enjoys of attracting thoughtful and helpful people to his church. I had gone expecting much, for everywhere one hears praises of Professor Cody, his excellent sermons and his zeal in all good works. Hearing advance praises of a preacher is apt either to prepare the visitor for too much or to make him over-critical in looking for the smugness and shallow wiles which sometimes serve to build up a parish reputation—I'm afraid it was in the latter spirit I began to notice a few things which might be improved. The musical service was simple and uneven, like that of a country church, though the congregation joined with a hearty sincerity which was also shown in the responses. Everyone seemed desirous of having a part in the service, a tendency distinctly lacking in those churches where the man in the pulpit appears to do all the thinking, preaching and praying, and the choir most of the singing, for those assembled. Individualism in St. Paul's has not been trained out of the congregation or the choir, and replaced by that smooth and rhythmical unity which is so pleasant to the ear, but the service was interesting because of its spontaneity and sincerity, and in spite of the fact that it was inartistic from a musical point of view.

It happened that Professor Cody was concluding a series of sermons on Gideon, and I shivered to think how little I knew of the chief of "Gideon's band," and of how I would be at a loss for a true estimate of what I heard owing to having missed the previous sermons. The rector took as his starting point Judges viii., 1, "And the men of Ephraim said unto him, Why hast thou served us thus, that thou callest us not, when thou wentest to fight with the Midianites? And they did chide with him sharply." Professor Cody does not read the Scriptures according to the established rules of elocution or the pulpit, but to bring out the meaning. He was so successful in this and the exposition of the chapter and what had preceded, that the dullest in the congregation must have thoroughly understood the whole situation. The late Rev. Dr. Kellogg, at one time pastor of the St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, and who died while on missionary work in India, was esteemed the greatest expository preacher ever in a Toronto pulpit, but in one respect at least Professor Cody shows a greater skill and insight than did he who had so much to do with the translation of the Bible into a language of the Orient. Technically, Dr. Kellogg seemed to me a master of that most interesting, instructive and delightful sort of preaching, but in the application of the explained passages to human affairs, to everyday impulses and to the workings of the mind and heart, Professor Cody showed himself to be, locally at least, without a superior. He asked us if we were not well acquainted with people of the type of the men of Ephraim, who chided Gideon for not calling upon them to share in the fight with the Midianites. There are many excellent people, said he, in every community and every church, who really feel hurt if they are not invited to join in every good work, to subscribe to all helpful funds, and bear their share of necessary burdens. These, however, he did not consider to be of the same class as the men of Ephraim, whom he believed to be typical of those who cannot be found until the fight is over, and are then loud in their complaints, if victory is won, that they had not been invited to share in it. There are three attitudes of the ordinary man towards a new movement which does not from the beginning promise success. First, when the critic uses the third person in speaking of those engaged in it, to the effect that "They will never succeed in such a wild project." Second, when the movement is advanced a little further, the second person is used: "You will never succeed, my brother, good as your aim no doubt is, in the way you are going about it." Third, after it is a success, when the first person is used: "We did it." I do not pretend to give exact quotations and shall not attempt to do so, for the whole sermon was so full of good things that it would have to be reported verbatim to convey the impression it did from the pulpit.

Passing to the next two verses of the chapter, where by a soft answer Gideon turned away wrath by inferentially belittling his own achievements, while praising the men of Ephraim, he read, "What have I done now in comparison of you? Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer? God hath delivered into your hands the princes of Midian, Oreb and Zeeb; and what was I able to do in comparison of you?" How hard it is for even a great man to make much of the triumphs of others and little of his own! What great good we could all accomplish if we did not insist on having the credit of doing it! Speaking of Gideon and his three hundred following the Midianites, "faint yet pursuing," he referred to the tendency both to underrate and to overrate the enemy and not to take into sufficient account the greatness of the cause and the help of the Lord. This brought him to the princes of Succoth and Penuel, whom Gideon implored to give bread to his fainting troops, but who answered him with a sneering question as to whether his enemies had been delivered into his hand. The reprisal of

THE ELECTORAL CONTEST IN WEST YORK.

MR. T. F. WALLACE,
Conservative.MR. ARCH. CAMPBELL, ex-M.P.,
Liberal.

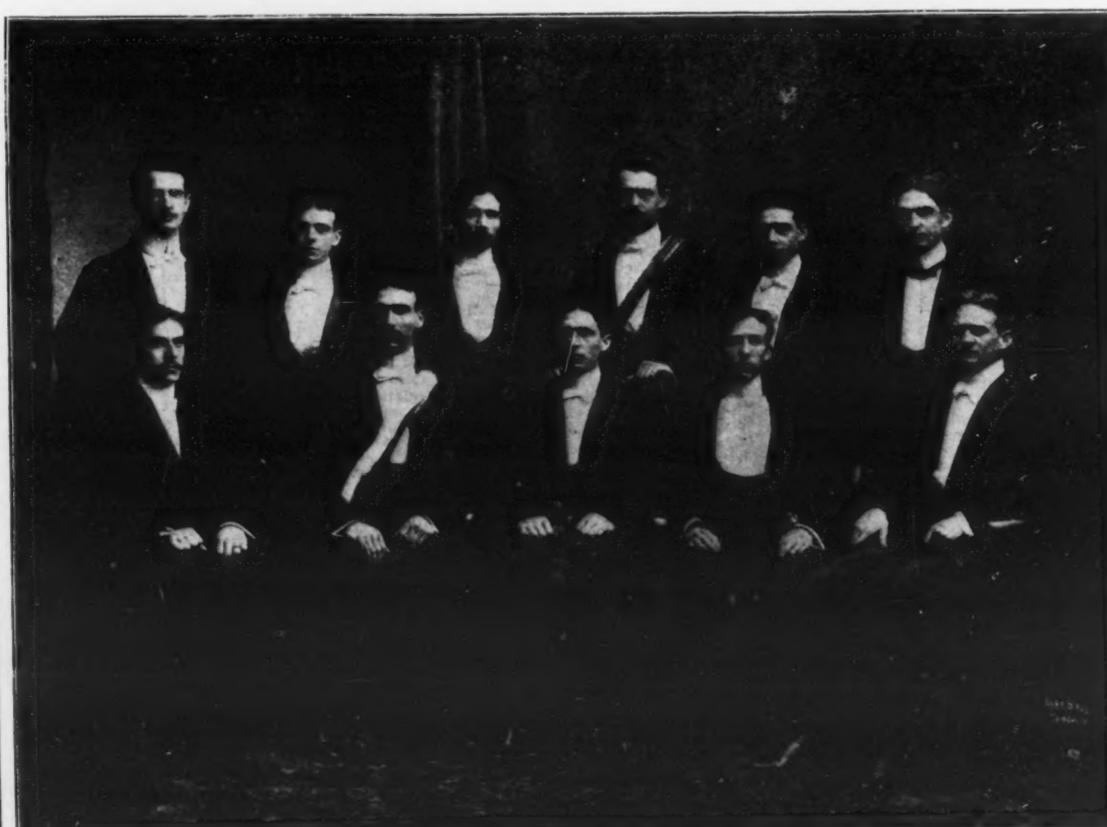
Gideon upon these people after he had captured Zebah and Zalmunna was justified as the punishment of traitors, who—active or passive—in all times have been abhorred and severely dealt with, and the putting to death of Zebah and Zalmunna, the kings of Midian, spoken of as a justifiable punishment of those who had wantonly slaughtered the brethren of Gideon. It is difficult to convey a proper idea of the apt and soul-searching applications which were made during this running commentary on the eighth chapter of Judges, but we were all delighted to follow him and his Biblical hero, watch the events, and turn upon ourselves the applications he made, invariably with a twinkle in his eye.

He pointed out to us that Gideon was at his best when he refused to become king of Israel, saying, "I will not rule over you, neither shall my son rule over you: the Lord shall rule over you." It is hard for a man to refuse a preferred honor, and though Gideon may not have felt that Israel had been sufficiently trained to accept a king, yet doubtless he recognized the fact that if he accepted the high office tendered him, the men of Israel would be apt to ascribe to him the deliverance from the hands of Midian and forget that he had simply been an instrument in the hands of the Lord. Gideon was at his worst when he requested that unto him should be given the golden ornaments, which had been taken from the Midianites, and of which he made an ephod—whatever that was—and put it in the city of Ophrah. "This was Gideon as the ecclesiastic," remarked Prof. Cody as he leaned quietly over his pulpit. They have temptations peculiarly their own, and do things for the motives of which they can hardly account. Why shoud Gideon have made an ephod to celebrate a victory which was the Lord's and which should not have been commemorated to the breaking of the second commandment? But ecclesiastics, like many others, start movements without knowing whether they will lead, and so it was with Gideon at his worst, for what he did led all Israel astray and became a snare unto him and his house. This seemed to me a quiet drive at ritualism, but the evident truth of the application in other directions was sufficient to keep it from being painfully pointed.

In summarizing his sermons on Gideon, he showed us in his quiet way that almost everything was a question of attitude. In selecting the band which was to work with Gideon, the men of Israel naturally divided themselves into classes. When the leader told those who were fearful and afraid to return to their homes, twenty and two thousand departed; these were the cowards. The lazy and self-indulgent also were left behind, and of ten thousand but three hundred endured the test, and they were the ones who, though faint, yet pursued the Midianites. Dwelling briefly on our attitude towards good movements, how we can be helpful or hurtful to them and to ourselves, the sermon, which had lasted somewhat longer than the limit which the modern preacher puts upon himself, was at an end, though the congregation seemed willing to listen as long as the preacher was willing to talk.

The success of Prof. Cody in the pulpit is not the result of any physical impressiveness or rhetorical tricks. Speaking almost extemporaneously, he is fluent, always using the right word and conveying exactly the idea he intends. His voice is pleasant, clear, and modulated so as to reach the

ROYAL COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGEONS "AT HOME" COMMITTEE, 1901-02.



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1st Vice-Chairman. Representative from Faculty.
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2nd Vice-Chairman. Secretary. Chairman Decorating Co.

cross-tie pilgrimage, enveloped in a rusty coon coat, long boots and the historic peak cap.

"By gosh, boys, I'm powerful glad to see you're Argons. Yes, I say, powerful glad. I've been awatin' two hours fer this here train, fer time don't count with me when ther's a game on!" Uncle Silas said, as the O.R.F.U. champions had the pleasure of being presented to him—an honest smile lighting up his droll, wind-roughened face.

"Beats all tarnation how you're fellers has won games this plowin' time, and I says keep it up, keep it up, fer you're has good support in this here old farmer, fer he's jest sold a hull raft of cordwood and has th' long green, as city chaps calls it, right here."

This strong argument was thrown out as a "bracer or night-cap" for the "Argons," as mother's brother climbed up with difficulty, aided by the porter (or 'ostler, as he put it), into an upper berth, and in five minutes was sending out "snores" that threatened to drown the roar of wheels and banging of doors.

Not being within earshot of the farm-yard rooster's early call, Uncle Silas did not "pull out" of his slumber until Montreal was nearly reached.

"Good morning, Uncle, how do you feel?" said I.

"Why, gracious me, I'm fine, but it beats all tarnation where that turned dim of a sock has went to. I 'low I had it 'bout, last night."

Upon "hollerin'" out his loss, Captain Kent found the missing article wandering down the car aisle and brought it back to its owner.

"I'm terrible glad to get this," said Uncle, gratefully, "but how is yer physog, 'Pud'? I calc'late it's aw'l sore yet."

"Fud" declared his face was O.K., and Uncle, satisfied, next enquired with tender solicitude as to how Pussy, Parry, Percy, Chad and Joe "was this mornin'" just as the train thundered into the Bonaventure depot.

In the afternoon Uncle Silas occupied a prominent grand-stand seat at the match, his peak cap and coon coat being conspicuous figures in the landscape.

From the "kick-off" Uncle was, strictly speaking, "allways in the game," and kept shouting out, like Nelson's motto, that Toronto expected every man to do his "dooty."

Meanwhile, though Uncle Si worked hard, gesticulating with both arms and giving secret signs, known only to himself, the score rolled up against the "Argons," and by half-time Uncle was issuing copious draughts of "bad talk" and mad enough to tear his cap up.

"For pity sakes, you're Argons, spruce up a bit and beat them Bytown chaps into tarnation," thundered mother's side of the house as the Argonauts filed out after a ten-minute rest.

The team did "spruce up" after these pungent directions, and when Hardisty got in one of his mammoth "punts" Uncle went wild with delight and could not help delivering another famous oration to a concourse of half-frozen spectators.

"Ho! Ho! Haw-haw-haw! Well done, Percy, well done, old dog! Hooray!"

Uncle Silas, from exuberance of spirits, was never still after this, but as the score swelled for "them College chaps" the color of his lips changed, and with rainy eyes—to quote his own words—he "was ready to shed a milk-pail full o' tears and start a washewoman in business."

When time was called and the Ottawa College aggregation were champions of all Canada, the farmer-philosopher brushed away the few remaining frozen tears that hung to his coon-skin, and handed out his final remarks for the day:

"Look ahore, boys, you're fellers has battled gamely, but gracious me alive, trav'lin' in steam-cars an' havin' sick folks on th' team ain't agoin' to make our outfit win. Yer all in needs of a spruce up at my Harmony Hall farm fer a spell, adoin' chores an' milkin'. So do come 'long."

J. W. B.

The Gentle Life.

FIRST: You shall learn to desire nothing in the world so much but that you can be happy without it.

Second: You shall seek that which you desire only by such means as are fair and lawful, and this will leave you without bitterness towards men or shame before God.

Third: You shall take pleasure in the time while you are seeking, even though you obtain not immediately that which you seek; for the purpose of a journey is not only to arrive at the goal, but also to find enjoyment by the way.

Fourth: When you attain that which you have desired, you shall think more of the kindness of your fortune than of the greatness of your skill. This will make you grateful and ready to share with others that which Providence hath bestowed upon you; and truly that is both reasonable and profitable, for it is but little that any of us would catch in this world were not our luck better than our deserts.

And to these four rules I will add yet another—Fifth: When you smoke your pipe with a good conscience, trouble not yourself because there are men in the world who will find fault with you for so doing. If you wait for a pleasure at which no sour-complexioned soul hath ever girded, you will wait long, and go through life with a sad and anxious mind. But I think that God is best pleased with us when we give little heed to scoffers and enjoy His gifts with thankfulness and an easy heart.—From "The Ruling Passion," by Henry Van Dyke.

The Golden Age of Profanity.

THE early part of the nineteenth century was the age of heavy drinking and bad language. Gentlemen swore at each other because an oath added emphasis to their assertions. They swore at inferiors because their commands would not otherwise receive prompt obedience. The chaplain cursed the sailors because it made them listen more attentively to his admonitions. Ladies swore, orally and in their letters. Lord Braxfield, a famous Scotch judge, offered to a lady at whom he swore because she played badly at whist the sufficient apology that he had mistaken her for his wife. Erskine swore at the bar, and Lord Thurlow swore on the beach. George IV. was always swearing; a profane oath always accented this Defender of the Faith's expression of approval of the weather, a horse, a dinner, or a drinking bout. His accomplished brothers envied his powers in this field of endeavor, and copied his example. "Society clothed itself with cursing as with a garment." Vauxhall, then still a fashionable resort, must have been a delectable place, with its feast of curse words and flow of oaths. Other amusements were bull-baiting, cock-fighting and prize-fighting. Wilberforce and Sheridan supported a bill in 1802 to abolish bull-baiting, which was opposed by Mr. Windham, on the ground that it was "the first result of a conspiracy of the Jacobins and Methodists to render the people grave and serious."

The Superstition of the Medical Profession.

The eccentric playwright, George Bernard Shaw, has been indulging in medical controversy. In a characteristic letter to the "British Medical Journal" he thus pays his respects to the profession: "Unfortunately medical practice has as yet been so lightly touched by the scientific spirit that the average doctor is still, not only in his patient's view but his own, a dealer in cures and preventive charms. But that is an additional reason for bringing to bear on it the criticism of an independent branch of science. A great deal of what is called scientific opinion to-day is nothing but medical opinion; and a great deal of medical opinion is simply energetic trade-unionism, and very superstitious trade-unionism at that."

Clara (examining new triumphs of dentistry in John's mouth)—Why, John, they're temporary fillings. John—Yes, dear; temporary fillings in temporary teeth in a temporary man. What's the use of putting anything permanent into a mouth forty-five years old?—Life."

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On November 3 the New York Central makes a change in its time-table, but the change does not affect Toronto passengers for New York and Boston, so that the splendid service they have been accustomed to in the past will still hold good. C.P.R. agent, corner King and Yonge, has the diagram of the through sleeping-car.

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Passengers leaving Toronto and west via evening trains reach Chicago next morning; St. Louis next afternoon at 2 o'clock, Kansas City the same evening at 9:30 o'clock.

Rates, time-tables and all information from any R.R. agent, or J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Anecdotal.

Once, when passing through a cemetery, Eliot Gregory was surprised to see that the members of one old New England family had been buried in a circle, with their feet toward its center. He asked the reason for this arrangement, and a wit of that day, daughter of Mrs. Stowe, replied: "So that when they rise at the Last Day, only members of their own family may face them!"

Prof. Syle (pronounced Sill), of the State University of California, must be either a boor or a smart Aleck. If the following story told by the "Argonaut" is true, and the general verdict will be "Served him right." The other day, says the "Argonaut," while calling the roll of one of his classes, Professor Sill came to the name of a Miss Greene. He paused and expressed his disapproval of the final e in her name by saying: "G-r-e-e-n-e, does that spell Green or Greene?" Miss Greene promptly replied: "S-y-i-e, does that spell Syle or Sillie?"

"It is a shame," John Randolph once said in the United States Senate, "that the bulldogs of the administration should waste their time in worrying the rats of the Opposition." The members constituting "the Opposition"

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True.



"The jury was out two days and then failed to agree."
"That proves conclusively that we ought to have women juries."
"Why so?"
"Well, you know a jury of women would have disagreed sooner than that."

groaned, hissed, and called him to order. The presiding officer ruled that he was in order, and Randolph, springing to his feet, pointed at his antagonist and screamed: "Did I say rats? I meant mice, mice, Mr. President."

James McNeil Whistler was recently dining with a friend in London. Suddenly, when all had dined and were back in the drawing-room, Whistler said that he had almost forgotten it, but he absolutely must write a letter and get it off by the night's post. He was told that in a room at the head of the first flight of stairs he would find the lights burning and pens, paper and ink at his disposal. He went up, and presently there was heard a series of bumps, ending in a heavy thud at the foot of the stairs. The master had tripped, lost his balance, and come near having a bad fall. The host ran to him and asked if he was hurt. "I am not killed, if that's what you mean!" Whistler replied; "but, tell me, who built those stairs?" The host mentioned the name of a builder unknown either to Whistler or to fame. "Humph, he did, eh? The d-d teetotaler," said Whistler.

"I think I must make an expedition to America, the letters I get from there are so delightful, and I should so much enjoy seeing my unknown friends' gardens. It was so kind of you to send me a photograph of a bit of yours."

"Believe me,

"Yours very gratefully,

"Elizabeth—Nampart Kwa."

A Day in Good Company.

The Latest Debutante. Dressing and Working.

HAVE been spending a long day with "The Man from Glengarry," whose author I used to know well, nigh a score of years ago. "Glengarry" is so real a place to some of you, so real, and the man is also so real that he is scarce like a "paper" man at all. This is one of the books for which one sort of critic is always shouting—a real book of the soil, with a distinctly Canadian taste and some of the virility and swing of the new country in it. Many of us know the locality; some of us saw but a short time ago the timber and the lumbermen, swart and big, going their journey down the "H'ottawa," as the man from Glengarry went, which makes the strong word pictures all the more vivid and fascinating. And just here, where nearly two decades ago the author and I met, in the darkness of a night stage drive in very unattractive weather, I have met the child of his pen, the man of his fancy, and found him much to my liking. No wonder the staid kirk elders "sat up" at the first few lurid chapters of the tale, and gentle Scottish wives said "Save us a!" as they read, half-scared, the strong-tinted scenes of fight and fury which show men from Glengarry before they are tamed, and undergoing later on, their discipline. It is such a wild, awful, true yarn, though, that it comes like the whipping salt spray on one's face after the scented Oriental bath or the indoor tepid water of one's ablutions. Half a dozen strong, purposeful scenes are in it, quite enough to wade through a large book for, and there is much that has made my day most pleasant with "The Man from Glengarry." It reads well here, in quiet rural parts, far from trolleys and asphalt, with the wind whispering through the pines and the sun glinting over the bare branches of the orchard.

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The Inventor.

A SMALL man with blear eyes and shaking hands took the seat opposite me. I was not surprised to hear him call for absinthe.

"You are sitting at the table with an unrecognized genius," he said, without looking at me.

"So are you," I retorted. I was then a struggling art student in Paris.

"You laugh," he said, "but it is true."

Your voice is sympathetic, and I will tell you."

"Thanks," I said.

"You are an artist, and have, undoubtedly, remarked the natural affinity of colors. White, for instance, is supposed to contain all colors."

He had hit on my favorite subject for discussion, and I leaned back prepared to listen.

"Have you observed," he asked earnestly, "that people with blue eyes have yellow hair?"

"The Irish," I answered, "have black hair and blue eyes. It's a beautiful combination."

"Yes; that's my point. I can change the color of the eyes."

"What!"

"You mix paints! You get green from yellow and blue! You make a color darker or lighter! You make black with red and purple! I do the same with eyes! A year ago I discovered an injection for the retina of the eye that would change its color. Suppose you have light gray eyes. I inject such a colored fluid as will make them black, blue—any color!"

I looked at his eyes. They were a catfish green.

"My own eyes," he continued, "I tried to change to green as an advertisement. It was before I had perfected my invention, and—I lost my sight. Tell me, are my eyes green?"

I became conscious that he had been gazing directly past me and had not looked at me once.

"You are blind?" I said.

"Entirely," he answered indifferently. "But what matters it? I have perfected my invention. Had I a paltry five-franc piece I could make all the women in the world beautiful. Women are the power of the world. Ah, France, my chere patrie, then shouldst thou rule the nations of the earth again!"

I handed him a five-franc piece.

"Your story is worth it," I remarked, "whether it be true or not."

He slipped the money into his pocket and turned to go.

"It's a loan," he said, over his shoulder; "you shall hear from me."

That evening I lounged in the Art Students' Club in a haze of smoke. I had found friends. Tobacco makes man confidential, and I told them my story while they puffed on their pipes in silence. Then each spoke in turn.

"I gave him five francs when I first arrived," said Rand.

"Sacré! I gave him ten," said Mont-

fort.

"Donnerwetter! and I gave him fifty," cried Becker.

"But is he really blind?" I asked.

"No," said Rand; "you were the blind one."

R. M. M. in the "Metropolitan."

Heartburn.

Heartburn is Indigestion. The food, instead of being properly digested and assimilated, ferments, and lies in a sour, rotting mess in the stomach.

The consequences are always unpleasant, and a great menace to all good health.

If not corrected, Heartburn culminates in Dyspepsia or Chronic Indigestion.

It is simply a warning which should be promptly heeded. Something should be done at once to correct the disordered condition of the stomach and digestive organs.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are especially designed to cure all such weaknesses. They digest the food, allowing rest and recuperation to the stomach. They correct at once all derangements. They stimulate and strengthen the action of the liver and bowels. They tone up the system and obliterate every trace of Heartburn, Flatulence, Gas on the Stomach, Sour Stomach, or other symptoms of wrong digestive action.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets do more than relieve. They cure. Cure permanently and forever all Stomach Troubles.

They are 50c. a box, and are sold by all druggists.

Sufferers with Heartburn should lose no time in procuring a box of this remedy. It will cure, and by its prompt use you may yet avert the pains of Chronic Dyspepsia. However, if you have waited too long, and have already entered the final stages, don't despair. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure you; but of course it is easier and cheaper to prevent than to cure.

Broke Down the Forests With Their Weight.

IN a chat about the ghosts of beasts that have succumbed during the past century, Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson gives some astounding particulars of the former plentifulness of wild pigeons. Like the buffalo, she says, they were in such vast numbers that man as little thought they could be exterminated as himself, even with organized effort. Mr. Audubon has given a description of the remarkable roosting places of these birds in their palmy days. In one place on the banks of Green river, Kentucky, the pigeons came every night at sunset, arriving from every direction, some of them having traveled several hundred miles from their feeding grounds. This roost was forty miles long and over three miles wide, covering a portion of the forest where the trees were very large and thick. The pigeons had been roosting here for about two weeks when he saw it, and the ground over the whole extent was covered with dung several inches deep. Many trees two feet in diameter had been broken down as well as branches of the tallest and strongest trees. The forest seemed as if swept by a tornado, and everything gave evidence that the number of birds here collected was immense. An organized effort to destroy them was made by the community thus invaded. Armed with guns and poles, and provided with torches of pine-knots, a large number of persons went to the roosting

Your doctor will tell you

that the first thing needed to cure most all ailments is to get the stomach and bowels properly performing their required duties. Also that your system will be practically free from ordinary ills if you keep these organs in healthful action.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

the perfect tonic-laxative, will do this for you. It will not only cure the constipated condition of your bowels but it also strengthens all the organs of digestion and prevents the return of such an unhealthful condition.

All druggists sell ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT, 25c. and 60c. a bottle.

grounds a little before sunset. The pigeons began to collect after sunset, their approach preceded, even when they were at a distance, by a noise like that of a hard gale at sea sounding in the rigging of a vessel. As the birds passed over him, they created a strong current of air. The birds arrived by thousands, fires were lighted, and the slaughter commenced. Many were knocked down by the pole-men. In many cases they were bunched in such solid masses that several of the branches gave way and crashed to the ground, thus killing hundreds of birds. The confusion was indescribable. The destroyers kept at their work till after midnight, and still the birds continued to arrive. The noise made by the pigeons at their roost could be heard three miles away. As daylight approached the birds began to move off, and long before sunrise all those who were able to fly had departed. The dead and wounded were then collected and gathered into piles by the raiding party, to be destroyed. What wonder that such persistent slaughter produced in time the desired result.

Wilson gives another account of their breeding places, which differ from their roosting places in being of greater extent.

"As soon as the young were fully grown, and before they left the nest, numerous parties of the inhabitants from all parts of the country came with wagons, axes, beds, cooking utensils, and encamped for several days at this immense nursery. Several of them informed me that the noise in the woods was so great as to terrify their horses, and that it was difficult for a person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear. The ground was strewn with broken limbs of trees, eggs, and squab pigeons, which had been precipitated from above and on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, buzzards and eagles were sailing about in great numbers and seizing the squabs from their nests at pleasure; while from twenty feet upwards from the tops of the trees the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder: * * * the axemen were at work cutting down the trees that had the most nests, and they contrived to fell them in such a manner that in falling they might bring down several others, so that frequently as many as two hundred squabs were bagged at once."

Again the hogs! Think of the farmers actually turning their pigs on breeding grounds to feed on the young squabs that fell from the trees. I wonder what an Irish-bred sow would think if she were suddenly taken from her breakfast of mud and potato peavings to fatten on squab ad lib.

To give an idea of the numbers of these birds, Wilson states that he witnessed a flight of them which he computed contained at a conservative estimate two thousand two hundred millions (2,230,272,000)! And yet this was but one flock of a race that twenty years ago bred in almost every quarter of what was then the United States.

Even in 1876 or 1877 a nesting of these birds occurred in Michigan which covered a space of twenty-eight miles long and between three and four miles wide. And now Mr. Frank M. Chapman says that the wild pigeon is so rare to-day that during the past sixteen years he has seen "only one pair."

A Woman's Plea For Man's Rights.

THE papers had a story the other day that the President had refused promotion to an army officer because he had jilted his fiancee. Whether this is true or not, it's interesting.

The President is a chivalrous man, and whatever he did really do about the

BOVRIL

Should be

IN EVERY Household.

You can
MAKE A LUNCH
OF IT.

You can
MAKE A SOUP
WITH IT.

You can
GIVE IT THE
CHILDREN AT
ANY TIME.

You can
STRENGTHEN
THE INVALID
WITH IT.

You can
REVIVE YOUR-
SELF WHEN TIR-
ED WITH IT.

You can
MAKE A DELI-
CIOUS DISH OF
ANYTHING YOU
HAVE IN THE
HOUSE WITH
ITS HELP.

BECAUSE

BOVRIL contains all
THE NOURISHMENT
and THE FLAVOR of
the Finest Lean Beef in
the highest attainable form of
CONCENTRATION.



"Are you looking for work?"
"Looking! I should say so! In dees troublous times a feller has to keep his eyes peeled for work or he'll run right into it."

a mistake and did not love her. Women have been doing this themselves since Pandora opened the box, and nobody blamed them. It was a lady's privilege to change her mind, and that settled it. Maybe we are beginning to feel that the privilege is a little one-sided, and that down-trodden man ought now and then to have a holiday when he, too, can have caprices and not know whether he loves Polly or Sally best.

There is another point in his favor which the men who condemn him do not consider—the courage it takes. It takes nerve to head a cavalry charge in battle, to stand up in a duel, to enter a burning building, but it is nothing to the nerve it must take to look a loving woman in the eye and tell her you don't care for her. Men have not been doing this for centuries as women have, and they do not really understand the fell horror of it. I have no doubt many have gone so far as the front door, or even the hat-rack in the hall, fully intending to break their fetters; then, at the sound of a foot on the stairs, a frou-frou of skirts, have felt their courage oozing away, and decided a lifetime of living a lie was better than dealing one decisive, staggering blow. I don't know whether they were heroes, knaves, or fools—one often is confused in such decisions. Men, I think, would approve of them; women would be sentimentally harrowed, and in their hearts be just a little contemptuous.

The heroism of the situation would depend entirely on how the man acted for the next—say, twenty years. Anybody can be heroic for a moment; time is the test of the real thing. It would seem one of those noble, foolish actions, like the charge of the Light Brigade, which would be pitiful if they were not grand—to spend a lifetime living such a futile lie. It would be so little worth while, so little gain, for such a large expenditure of suffering. Whereas, if the man were not of the mould of heroes, let his wife see he had married her under protest, and that she bored him to death—what would be the gain then? Even if she had not a grain of pride, the woman could hardly be happy with such begrimed attentions and ungrateful companionship. As for the man, he would brood on his wrongs and bemoan his one moment of unselfishness, till a bear with a sore head would be an amiable companion compared to him. In the general distribution of new twentieth century privileges, I don't see why the right to change the mind in matters sentimental should not be now and then extended to the male of the species.

Enthusiastic Converts.

**There Are Thousands of Them Who Believe
as This Woman Does.**

Mrs. Ira Knowlton of Butte, Montana, is a most enthusiastic convert to the virtues of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets as a cure for obstinate stomach trouble. She says: "I had poor diges-

tion nearly all my life. It now seems to me that for years I never knew what it was to be hungry, to have a good natural appetite.

"I was troubled with gas in stomach, causing pressure on the heart, with palpitation and short breath. Nearly everything I ate soured on my stomach, sometimes I had cramps in the stomach which almost resembled spasms.

"Doctors told me I had catarrh of the stomach, but their medicines would not reach it, and I would still be a sufferer had I not, in sheer desperation decided to try Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"I knew they were an advertised remedy, and I didn't believe anything I read about them, as I had no confidence in advertised remedies, but my sister living in Pittsburgh wrote me last spring, telling me how Stuart's Tablets had cured her little daughters of indigestion and loss of flesh and appetite, and I hesitated no longer.

"I bought a fifty-cent box at my drug store and took two of the large tablets after each meal, and found them delightful to take, being as pleasant to the taste as caramel candy. Whenever during the day or night I felt any pain or uneasiness in the stomach or about the heart I took one of the small tablets, and in three weeks it seemed to me as if I had never known what stomach trouble was.

"I keep Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in the house and every member of our family uses them occasionally after a hearty meal, or when any in the digestive organs."

Mr. E. H. Davis of Hampton, Va., says: "I doctor'd five years for dyspepsia, but in two months I got more benefit from Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets than in five years of the doctor's treatment."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is not a cheap cathartic, but an active digestive remedy, containing the pepsin and diastase which every weak stomach lacks, and they cure stomach troubles because they digest the food eaten and give the weak, abused, overworked stomach a chance to rest and recuperate.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold in every drug store in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

Easy Indifference.

"Why did we arrive late and leave

Owes Its Existence

to "Absolute Purity"

One taste of

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea captures and holds the taste of all giving it a trial.

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415 Yonge Street.
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578 Queen Street West.
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369 Paper Avenue, at G.T.R. Crossing.
1131 Yonge Street, at C.P.R. Crossing.

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Consultation and examination free.
Every facility for the treatment of diseases without the use of drugs.
We make a specialty of Chronic cases.
Experienced lady assistant.
Testimonials and literature upon application by mail or in person.

O'Keefe's Special
Turn It Upside Down
—DRINKS IT ALL
—NO DREGS
—NOT CARBONATED

The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented.

A single trial will convince.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Coal and Wood

Music.

THE choir of the Broadway Methodist Tabernacle, under the direction of Mr. E. R. Doward, gave a very attractive programme of music on Tuesday evening to a large audience. The soloists were Mr. Harry Rowe Shelley of New York, organist, and Miss Ella Walker, soprano. Special interest was manifested in this the first appearance of Mr. Shelley, who has the reputation of being one of the leading organists on this continent. His principal numbers were Bach's *Fantasia* and *Fugue* in G minor; the *Largo* from Dvorak's *New World Symphony*, a fantasia on Carmen, and Berlioz's *Rakoszy March*. He showed himself an accomplished performer on the instrument, his work on both manuals and pedals being clear-cut, as was sufficiently demonstrated in the Bach number. Miss Ella Walker sang two solos with much felicity of expression, and was particularly successful in her first number, *Father in Heaven*, by Robaudi. The choir rendered several selections with a good volume of tone, and with hearty interest in their work.

On Thanksgiving evening many of the church choirs gave, in accordance with their usual custom, special concerts. The Central Methodist choir had the exceptional advantage of the assistance of Mme. Julie Wyman, mezzo-soprano, and Mr. Harold Jarvis, and with such artists it is needless to say that a most enjoyable programme was given. Elm street Methodist choir engaged the services of Mrs. Burton Fletcher, the popular Buffalo elocutionist, and Miss Evelyn de Latre Street, the well-known solo violinist. The quartette of the choir, consisting of Miss Mawhinney, soprano; Miss Florence Macpherson, contralto; Mr. Allan B. Fisher, and Mr. W. J. A. Carnahan, baritone, also contributed to the programme with great credit to themselves in solo and ensemble numbers. Mrs. Fletcher won a great triumph in her humorous numbers, among which may be mentioned Fraser's Friday p.m. in School, where her power of mimicry was well in evidence. Miss Street played the violin with more than her usual brilliancy and distinction of tone. At the Massey Hall more than two thousand people assembled at the concert of the Royal Templars of Temperance. A varied but popular programme was contributed by the band of the 19th Grenadiers, Miss Beverley Robinson, Mrs. Mackelan, Mr. H. Ruthven Macdonald, Mr. James Fox and Miss Marietta La Dell, elocutionist. The audience were exceedingly satisfied, as was evidenced by the numerous encores and the enthusiastic applause throughout.

The benefit concert given for Mr. Josef Klepac, violinist, in the College of Music Hall, Toronto Junction, on Thanksgiving night was poorly attended, but a most attractive programme was presented. Mr. Klepac gave three violin numbers, proving himself to be a skilled player with temperament. The piano numbers by Miss Edith Mason, a talented pupil of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, showed brilliant execution and musical taste. Mr. Walter Hahn, tenor, delighted the audience with two numbers and received a double encore. Other numbers were acceptably given by pupils of Mr. Arthur Blight. The College of Music enjoys the distinction of having the first pipe organ in the Junction. The organ is to be opened on December 10, in the College hall, 18 Dundas street west.

A sacred concert will be given by the choir of Parkdale Methodist Church on the evening of December 9, under the direction of Mr. A. B. Jury, organist and choirmaster. A choice programme of mixed male and female choruses, also mixed and male quartettes, is being prepared. The choir will be assisted by Miss Ducker, violinist.

The Buffalo "Commercial" of November 19, in its notice of the St. Andrew's Society concert, says: "A noteworthy feature of the entertainment was the singing of several Scottish songs by Miss McLean Mackenzie of Toronto. She has a beautiful voice of great power. Most of her selections were the vigorous martial songs of Scotland, such as few women attempt, but her voice was fully equal to them and she fairly electrified her audience."

Mr. T. E. Cornyn, who has been directing the tour of Miss Pauline Johnson and Mr. J. Walter MacRae, has severed his connection with these artists and is at present visiting friends at 228 Jarvis street. He will probably make a tour of Western Canada this winter with some well-known concert attractions.

Mr. W. E. Haslam, formerly of Toronto and now of Paris, France, has recently brought out a new singer. The correspondent of the New York "Musical Courier" writes: "Mlle. Esthon, a young singer of whom excellent things are expected, has this summer been singing with much success at the fashionable resorts of St. Malo, Paramé, etc. Mlle. Esthon is barely eighteen, and is a pupil of the teacher Haslam, of Paris, who predicts a successful career for her, and is being specially trained by him for opera and concert. The singer is an accomplished musician, having, like Sembrich, appeared when a child as a pianist, and sings in English, French and Italian. She will shortly make her appearance in Paris, and it is intended that she shall sing later in London."

The many admirers of Mr. W. H. Hewlett of Dundas Center Church, London, will be glad of the opportunity to hear him in the capacity of solo organist at the Trinity Methodist Church, on Monday, December 16, when the choir, under Mr. Kirby's direction, will hold a service of praise. They will also have the assistance of Mrs. Eva Robins, soprano, of London, Mr. A. L. E. Davies, baritone, and Miss Edith C. Miller, organist.

The programme of music rendered at the Ionic Musicals last Tuesday evening was a great treat to the large audience present. The choir, under the direction of Mr. Adam Dockray, sang four times on the programme, two of the numbers being Dudley Buck's intricate setting of "Robin Adair" and Sullivan's "Lost Chord," arranged for male choir. Judging by the encores received, the singing of the choir was much appreciated. Mr. Dockray him-

self sang "The Death of Nelson," and although the last number on the programme, the audience insisted on an encore. Miss Verna Kennedy sang "Love, the Pedlar" with full appreciation of the humor of the words and brightness of the music. Little Miss Lina Craine pleased much by her sweet voice and quiet manner and won all hearts by her singing of an Irish Folk Song as an encore. Miss Howe had a dramatic contralto voice of much power and scored a success on Arditi's Waltz song, "Il Bacio." Mr. H. R. Rank sang a patriotic song and had to repeat it. Miss Dockray, solo soprano of Elbow street Presbyterian church, sang "A Song of Thanksgiving" by Allisens, with much dramatic fire and, receiving a double encore, responded with "Rule Britannia" and "Home, Sweet Home." Miss McClelland, dramatic reader, scored a success with "The Boat Race," while little Frank Clegg pleased everybody by his sweet boy's voice. The accompaniments were played by Mr. Adam Dockray.

The second concert of the course being given by the Conservatory String Quartette takes place next Thursday evening, December 12, the quartette being assisted by Mr. R. Drummond, baritone; Mr. Napier Durand, pianist, and Mrs. H. M. Blight, accompanist. The concerted numbers will be Dvorak's "American" Quartette, op. 56, and parts of the Rheinberger Quartette, with piano, and Schubert's string quartette in D minor. Although the plan is well taken up, we understand there are some good seats still obtainable.

Miss Rena Theresa McCulloch, pupil of Mr. F. H. Torrington, will give a piano recital at the College of Music on Thursday evening, December 12. Miss Eileen Millett, soprano, and Miss Ethelia Carmichael, contralto, will be the vocalists of the evening, and readings will be given by Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A. Cards may be obtained at the College.

There was a large audience in attendance at the first pupils' recital of the present season in the Conservatory Music Hall on Saturday evening last, when an interesting programme was given, including Schubert's Romance in G flat and Bozetti's Menet's Arlesienne in C minor, Schumann's Nachstuecke, op. 23, No. 4, and Brahms' Hungarian Dance, No. 7. Slindig's Marche Grotesque, Frühlingsrauschen from op. 32, Paganini-Liszt's La Campanella, Schumann's Faschingsschwank aus Wien (first movement), Grieg's Sarabande and Rigaudon from "Holberg Suite," and other piano numbers by Schubert, Heller, Lavallee, and Rubinstein. The vocal numbers included Saint-Saëns' My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice, Bohm's Calm as the Night, Horatio Parker's The Lark Now Leaves His Way's Nest, and Adams' Island of Dreams. The pupils taking part were Misses Eugenie Quehen, A.T.C.M.; Helena G. Mitchell, A.T.C.M.; Edith Mason, Ethel A. DeNure, Mary K. Hartarty, Mollie O'Donoghue, Marjorie Fitz-Gibbon, Mae Keating, Mrs. Harold Clark, and Mr. Frank Austen (piano), Misses Pauline Ockley, Mina Phillips, Agnes Curran and Janet Laird (voic).

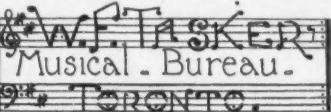
Miss Jessie MacLachlan, the great Scottish soprano; Miss Edna Louise Sutherland, reader, and Mr. George Fox, violinist, are booked the entire week of December 8, under direction of Mr. W. Spencer Jones of Brockville, in Perth, Lanark, Arnprior, Almonte and Brockville.

Mr. W. Spencer Jones of Brockville is bringing out from England for the months of February, March and April next Mr. Hirwen Jones, the eminent English tenor, for appearances in oratorio and recital. Mr. Hirwen Jones is the principal tenor at the following great festivals: Worcester, Leeds, Hereford, Cardiff, Exeter, Chester and Gloucester; also at the Queen's Hall, St. James' Hall and Albert Hall concerts. The "St. James' Gazette" of a late issue says: "Mr. Hirwen Jones is gradually getting to be one of the first tenors of the day. His voice and expressive style were very effective in songs by Goring Thomas and Sterndale Bennett."

Mr. Watkin Mills, the eminent English basso, who comes to America in December, is at present on a seven weeks' tour with Madame Alice Estey, the renowned prima donna soprano; Miss Marion Mackenzie, contralto, and Mr. James Leyland, the tenor. They are presenting Miss Liza Lehmann's song cycle, "The Daisy Chain," and a miscellaneous programme. The Lancaster "Observer" of November 1 says: "Mr. Watkin Mills thrilled the audience by his rendering of the air 'She Alone Charmed My Sadness,' from Gounod's 'La Reine de Saba,' and his singing of Monk Gould's 'The Curfew' evoked tumultuous applause." It is the intention of Mr. Jones to take Mr. Watkin Mills out to the Pacific coast.

The Toronto Humane Society were fortunate in securing for their annual meeting the services of Miss Frances World, soprano; Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist, and Miss Hattie Morse Hamberger, elocutionist. Miss World sang Denza's "Star of My Heart" and "You" with her accustomed ease and finish. Miss Hamberger, new comer in Toronto, showed great skill in her numbers. Miss Reid played the accompaniments with much taste.

Mr. William Buckley, pupil of Mr. Norman W. Andrews of Bradford Conservatory of Music, gave an organ recital on Monday evening of last week at the College of Music. The programme was an enjoyable one, and Mr. Buckley proved himself master of keyboard and pedals throughout. The numbers were: "Toccata and Fugue," D minor (Bach); "Carillon" (Lange); "Pastoral," first sonata, op. 42 (Gulmant); "Emperor's Hymn," with variations (Chipp); "Simplicity," song without words (Buckley); "March in G" (Buckley); "Pilgrims' Chorus," from Tannhauser (Wagner-Liszt); "Grand Offertory," C minor (Balfe), and "Overture," William Tell (Rossini-Buck). Miss Florence Walton, vocalist of the evening, sang in good voice. Brahms' "Little Dustman" and "Parla," by Arditi. Mr. Charles Eggett was a very efficient accompanist. An appropriate reading, "The Volunteer Organist," was given by Mrs. Clara Cornyn.



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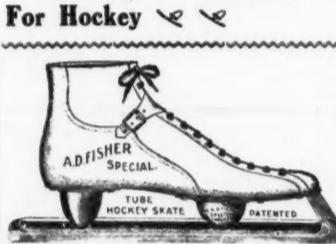
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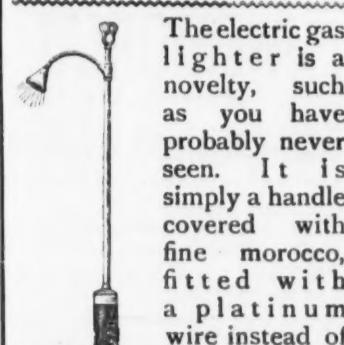
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These skates are so light that the wearer scarcely knows he has them on. Of course, they cost more than ordinary skates, but that's because they're worth more. You'll get better value out of Fisher Skates for hockey or pleasure than any other. Fisher Skates sharpened free.

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Social and Personal.

Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn will not receive again this year. This is not such a sad remark as it might be, as the Wednesdays are growing few for 1901. During the gloomy month of November Lady Kirkpatrick's charming teas and afternoons were bright and delightful above the ordinary.

On next Friday evening the gallant in red hold their first assembly in the Pavilion, and it is safe to predict a success, for the Grenadiers never miss it. Captain Arthur Armstrong is the secretary for the assemblies, and all the officers are working to make this, the first Grenadier dance of the century, a record one. A number of smart visitors in town, a crowd of new young faces, and the verve and go of a phenomenally busy social season combine to give the Grenadiers' assemblies extra eclat.

Some of those who enjoyed Mr. Bell's acting on Wednesday were Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mr. Burnett and Miss Laing, Mr. Horsey, Mrs. Paul Krell, Captain and Mrs. Goederham, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Price, Miss Aura Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson, Dr. and Mrs. Sterling Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. Alec Mackenzie, the Misses Bertha and Ethel Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn and Major Cockburn, V.C.

Mrs. Seymour Porter (nee Skae) held her post-nuptial receptions on Monday and Tuesday afternoons at 50 Charles street, where many friends called to see the popular bride. Miss Gertrude Porter received with her sister-in-law, and Mrs. Skae was also with her daughter. The bride wore her wedding dress, of ivory brocade, and the usual "tea" and bride cake were served from a pretty table done in pink "mums."

Major J. C. Macdougall has been favored by an extension of leave and will remain in town for Christmas.

Mrs. A. Huyck Garrett entertained Mrs. Alfred Smith of Buffalo and a party of friends at dinner quietly last evening. I hear that Mrs. Smith is stopping over Sunday with her.

Mrs. Wilbur Matthews gives a young folks' tea this afternoon. The Misses Aikins are giving a tea next Wednesday.

Mrs. Allen Aylesworth has returned from New York looking very well indeed after her visit.

I saw a lovely miniature of the Countess of Minto in one of those little chamois cases which Mr. Gerald Hayward is apt to produce from numerous pockets. Mr. Hayward has caught the very little look which makes Lady Minto's face so distinctly individual and charming, and the miniature will be a cherished possession in the family of the dainty little Countess.

What do you think of a man who, having two boxes, one containing roses and the other his half-worn pumps, sent the latter to a lady, "hoping she would wear them," and put the former on his wardrobe shelf?

Mrs. Gunther of Bellevue gave a very enjoyable At Home on Saturday afternoon, in honor of her niece, Miss Muriel Staunton of Blundellsands, Liverpool, and Miss Annie Staunton of North street, at which she received a number of her younger friends. The tea table was decorated with pink roses, pink satin ribbon, and shaded lights. Mrs. Laidlaw and Mrs. Richards poured tea, and Miss Gunther, Miss Edwards, Miss Crawford and Miss Florence Band waited upon the guests.

Miss Freddie Delamere of Minden, Ont., is visiting Mrs. Harry Bedlington and Miss Edith Little of 30 Beaty avenue, Parkdale.

Mrs. Theobald Coleman was in town this week.

Friends of that fine bluff soldier, Adjutant-General Aylmer, have been interested in hearing of his succession to the title by the death of his father, the Right Hon. Adolphus Low Aylmer, seventh baron. The deceased nobleman was buried at Richmond, Quebec, on Monday, and the new baron is now at the ancestral home.

The Skating Club had an afternoon tea in the Turkish room at McConkey's on Thursday. The cold snap has nipped golf in the bud and given the skaters a chance.

The fifteenth annual dinner of the Faculty of Medicine, Toronto University, was held on Monday evening in the "Gym," and about four hundred guests were admirably dined at half-past seven. The event was distinctly a success.

Mr. and Mrs. Crane are in town and have taken up their quarters at the Queen's Hotel.

Colonel and Mrs. Davidson gave a very smart dance on Thursday for their daughter, one of the season's debutantes, at their home in St. George street.

Mrs. Warwick is giving a Shea party to the young folks after her tea next Tuesday. Hostesses cannot do too much for those charming waitresses whose kind and tactful care makes for the enjoyment of all at the season's teas.

It is quite a privilege to record a dance without the prefix "young people's," which has been so often employed this season, and assuredly the young people were not more cared for and better amused than their elders at that most delightful dance which was given on Wednesday by Mrs. Shoenerger at her big and hospitable home in College street. Mrs. Shoenerger was assisted by her daughters, Mrs. Biggar, a recent bride, and Miss Tait. In all particulars the dance was well done, and the profusion of beautiful flowers, with the very artistic arrangement of the supper-table, was admired on all sides. Golden "mums" and violets were used, with primrose tulips and ribbons to complete a lovely design. The gowns were smart and their wearers looked their best, the fathers and mothers enjoying, perhaps, more than usual their participation in the "young folks' winter," as one sometimes hears the present season designated.

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Births.

Smith—Nov. 20, Milton, Mrs. (Rev.) Edw. F. McL. Smith, a son. Williams—Nov. 30, Toronto, Mrs. A. Roland Williams, a daughter. Sneyd—Nov. 22, Windsor, Mrs. H. Sneyd, a son.

Kennedy—Nov. 23, Toronto, Mrs. (Rev.) F. W. Kennedy, a son. Crosby—Nov. 26, Toronto, Mrs. Geo. W. Crosby, a son. Langfield—Ashburnham, Mrs. (Rev.) E. A. Langfield, a daughter. Ambridge—Nov. 27, Hamilton, Mrs. E. H. Ambridge, a son.

Graig—Dec. 3, Toronto, Mrs. W. H. Graig, a daughter.

Marrages.

Hathaway—Swarz—Nov. 30, Toronto, E. J. Hathaway to Annie Maude Swarz. Barton—Pope—Nov. 27, Quebec, Rev. W. Barton, M.A., to Marion Stowell Pope. Richardson—Southwick—Nov. 28, St. Thomas, Maxwell A. Richardson to Ethel S. Southwick.

Burns—Wright—Nov. 28, Toronto, Frank Burns to Florence E. Wright.

Deaths.

MacIvor—Dec. 1, Chatham, John Gray MacIvor, aged 24. Allen—Dec. 2, Toronto, Jane Harris Allen, aged 83.

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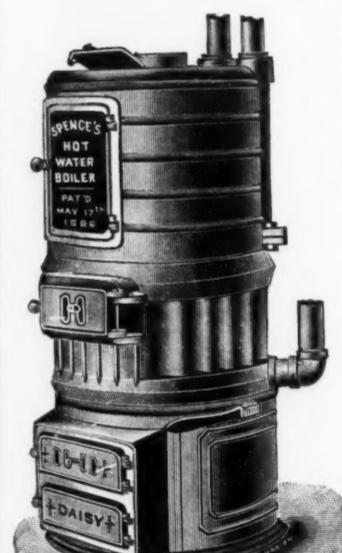
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THE Nordheimer Piano and Music Co., Limited.
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If the domestic cat in general is an object of reprobation and brickbats, it is because a great many so-called domestic cats are hopelessly undomestic. The household sphinx excites strong antipathy or equally strong affection. Pussy has few lukewarm friends or half-hearted enemies. They are all violent partisans on one side or the other—loyal admirers or uncompromising foes. But there is really no reason why cats should be maltreated, harassed and kicked about even by those who see nothing likable in them—much less by those who pretend to an affection for them, but whose attentions are often frightfully out of place. Think of the thousands of kittens that are mauled and worried and hugged to emaciation by children. The rag doll whose sawdust vitals are heartlessly exposed to the weather, whose face and form are battered by the chubby hands and unruly feet of a whole nursery, gets off lightly compared with the average kitten or grown-up cat in the household where children disport themselves. What "Black Beauty" did for the horse and "Beautiful Joe" for the dog may be done for the cat by "Pussy Meow, the Autobiography of a Cat," by S. Louise Patterson (Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.; Toronto: Musson Book

Talking of cats, all who have already made the acquaintance of Guy Boothby's mysterious hero, Doctor Nikula, and his equally mysterious cat, Apollyon, will be interested to know that a sequel has just been published under the title of "Farewell Nikula" (Toronto: Langton & Hall). There are many people who like to be thrilled and who enjoy the creepy and ghostlike, to be found in such stories as those of Edgar Allan Poe and in Guy Boothby's Nikula books. But it is a far call from Poe to Boothby. Poe was a stylist, and invested the most ordinary incident with the fascination of his spell; Boothby writes of astounding things in language facile, but tame and commonplace. "Farewell Nikula" is a story that could have been compressed greatly without injury to the narrative and with decided advantage to the literary aspect of the work. The very obvious pad-

ding becomes at times a weariness. Whole pages are given to incidental conversations and events, bearing but slightly on the central issue of the novel. Nevertheless, Nikula and his deeds are in themselves at every point of sufficient interest to amply justify the existence of the book, and to cause the reader to be charitable towards any faults he may discover, for the sake of the entertaining yarn the author has woven out of such fantastic materials. In its externals "Farewell Nikula" is an attractive volume, well suited for the holiday trade.

The New World has yielded to popular imagination no type so picturesque and attractive as the French-Canadian. His persistence in much of the most successful literature of recent years, from the novels of Gilbert Parker to the poems of Dr. Drummond, shows that in his character and exterior and in the curious, anachronistic civilization of which he is the exponent, there is an element of charm, as yet by no means worn threadbare. "A Daughter of New France," by Mary Catherine Crowley (Toronto: The Musson Book Company), is the most recent novel in which the French-Canadian looms large. To be sure it is not the French-Canadian of our day, the habitant speaking a patois, who marches to and fro in Miss Crowley's pages. The story takes one back to the strenuous, but for all that, stately days of the end of the seventeenth century and beginning of the eighteenth. It carries us into the very midst of the titanic struggle for possession of the New World—a contention in which Nature and the aborigine were not less important factors than the French and the English. "A Daughter of New France" has to do with the career of the gallant Sieur Cadillac and his colony on the Detroit; it purports to picture the society of French Canada, with its voyageurs, courreurs de bois, soldiers and gentlemen, its tender, loyal-hearted and courageous women. The author claims to have made a somewhat exhaustive study of the historical materials of the time, but the wayward spirit of romance is more in evidence in her pages than the stiff, judicial attitude of the historian. And on the whole it is well that this is so. For while it is right that historical truth should not be butchered in cold blood, as it has been by some of the writers of historic romance, it is equally meet that a novel should be a novel and full of the transfiguring energy of imagination. Therefore it is scarcely necessary for the author to apologize, as she does, for her few lapses from probable or ascertained fact. The story is one that cannot fail of a hearty reception in Canada. Well illustrated, well printed and well bound, it is a goodly book to adorn a table after having delighted a mind.

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The Christmas number of "Scribner's Magazine" is especially notable for charming fiction and novel and effective art features. The old-fashioned Christmas story does not prevail. In its place has come the story of bright and cheerful social phases, delicate sentiment, wit and humor. In this number appear such authors as Thomas Nelson Page, F. Hopkinson Smith, William Henry Bishop and Arthur Cossette Smith. Artistically this Christmas number contains many effective features. Maxfield Parrish, who has a place of his own among artists as a designer in color, furnishes the beautiful Christmas cover and in addition the frontispiece (printed in color) and other illustrations in black and white to accompany one of the stories. Castaigne, whose work is always full of vigor and imagination, illustrates a romantic episode in the career of Cleopatra—accompanying a poem by Benjamin Paul Blood, author of *The Lion of the Nile*. These are printed in color and are most effective. Another elaborate color-scheme is a reproduction of the beautiful pictures of childhood by Jessie Wilcox Smith accompanying a fanciful story by William Henry Bishop, the hero of which is an up-to-date boy who believes in the efficacy of a fairy wand and is not disappointed. The portraiture of real children is represented by the leading American artists, who have furnished their work to illustrate an article on that subject by Harrison S. Morris. Among the artists whose work is reproduced are Sargent, Alexander Chase, Thayer, Lockwood, Brush and Miss Beaux. A stirring sea-story by A. W. Vorse, telling of the making of a pilot, is illustrated by Reuter Dahl. It narrates how a burning ship was saved in New York harbor. Thomas Nelson Page, who knows the South thoroughly, pictures in a delightfully romantic vein the characteristics of an old Virginia Sunday as it was kept in his boyhood. Clinedinst sympathetically illustrates it. These are but a few of the many exquisite contributions in literature and art to the "Christmas Scribner's."

If there is anywhere a more concise, comprehensive and generally acceptable statement of the principles that go to the making of the best in fiction, the fact is not generally known. Like all Scribner's books, "The Ruling Passion" is rich, even sumptuous in materials and workmanship throughout. The eight half-tone illustrations in tints, from drawings by W. Apperton Clark, are a delight to the eye of an artist.

"The Allen," by F. F. Montresor, is an interesting story of English life recently published here by George N. Morang & Co. (Limited). The interest of the tale circles round the personalia of a long-lost and presumably dead and buried heir, by the illegitimate son of his mother, born a few years before her marriage to a rich old Englishman, and who turns up and is led by the mother to declare himself as her son, which of course is true, but not in the sense in which her people understand it. To account for the queer plot she concocts, it might be noted that she adores her elder son, who is her image, and always detested her younger boy, who was a weak and vicious youth. The plot complicates itself with episodes in the past life of the narrator, and the sympathies of the reader will probably go strongly to the rightful heir, the honest English Major, who is never for one moment deceived, and who finally unearths the truth and pays very dearly for his perseverance. There are some strong and weird touches in the tale, and the interest is well sustained.

A collection of Crockett tales entitled "Love Idylls" have been brought out this month. They are pretty, but rather crude, and do not add much to the name of their famous writer. A nice get-up, quiet and neat, is one of their claims to merit.

Rich in illustration and with a varied collection of articles, short stories and poems, the Christmas number of "Alniss's Magazine" is especially interesting. The leading article, entitled "America in England," by Allen Sangree, is a study of the triumph of American business methods in British enterprises. The writer compares this movement to the return of the prodigal son, laden

with a new set of tools, to improve the old farm. Senator Aldrich, the Most Influential Man in Congress, by L. A. Coolidge, is a very readable study of the personality of the leader of the Senate, and also a clear analysis of the wonderful congressional machine at Washington. In Remote Newfoundland, by Norman Duncan, formerly of Toronto, is the kind of special article that has all the value of news and all the impressiveness of a well-wrought work of fiction. The description of this stony country, where gardens and graveyards are painfully built by the hands of men, is illustrated with many unusually good photographs. Melba at Home, by William Armstrong, gives a delightful account of the home life of this great singer, which is illustrated with several new pictures. A striking poem, by Bliss Carman, entitled *A Forest Shrine*, is the most notable poetic contribution to the Christmas Alniss's. In fiction there is a wide choice. Topics of the Theater contains, as usual, a very attractive collection of photographs of theater people now prominent.

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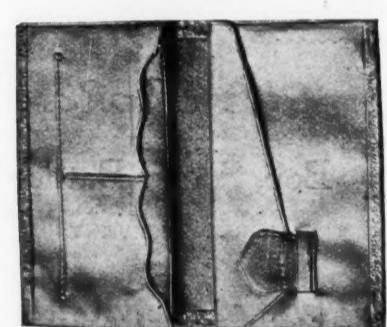


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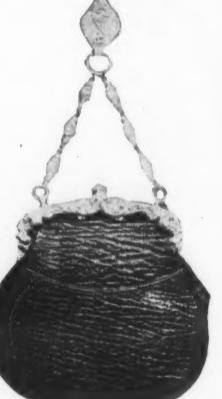
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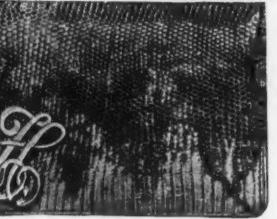


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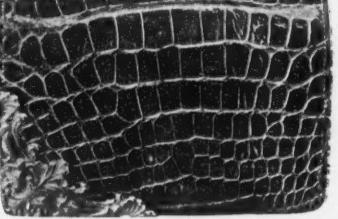
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